The Outlook

Vol. 67 January 26, 1901 No. 4

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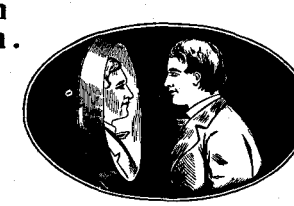

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Published Weekly

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Queen Victoria's Death Tuesday afternoon of this week Queen Victoria passed away, surrounded by members of the royal family gathered at Osborne House. The nature of the Queen's illness was not at first officially reported. It is said that this was due to her insistence. Later it was admitted that she had suffered a partial paralysis. If it be true that she had any hope of recovery, it was soon clear that this hope was not shared by her attendants, and the end was momentarily expected for two days preceding its actual occurrence. Out of deference to the Queen's wishes, the most scrupulous privacy has been observed during the last few days, but it is believed that she suffered a slight stroke of paralysis before going to Osborne. Her health and vitality have been so remarkable that the nation has put by for a long time past all apprehension of her death; but the Queen has been for many months the victim of very heavy family sorrows. Her oldest and favorite daughter, the Empress Frederick, is believed to be slowly succumbing to a particularly painful disease; her second son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, died not long ago, only a little time after the suicide of his only son, the Queen's grandson; among the many victims of the Boer war has been Prince Christian Victor, another grandson of the Queen; and finally, on Christmas morning, one of the little group of old and devoted friends of the Queen, associated with her for many years, her chief attendant, Lady Churchill, was found dead in her bed adjoining the Queen's room. The Queen has always carried the cares of her people on her heart. To a remarkable degree she has treated the great English race as if it were a family; this is one secret of the almost unparalleled affection in which she has been held. The Boer war has fallen upon her, therefore, with peculiar heaviness. She had a horror of war, and it has long been known that it was her hope to finish her reign in unbroken peace. She resisted an aggressive policy in South Africa to the very last moment, and at the end bowed only to the inevitable. The heavy mortality of the war has caused her great distress, and has at last sapped the vitality of an octogenarian whose mental force, decision of will, and self-control have been undiminished.

❀

The Future It was hoped that the removal to the softer air of the Isle of Wight would revive the Queen, but it was too late in her life; the powers of recuperation were apparently exhausted. A second stroke of paralysis on Saturday night destroyed all hope of recovery. The whole English-speaking world has been plunged into gloom; for it is impossible to overstate the affection of the English people for their Queen or their estimate of the value of her example, her temper, and her harmonizing genius in public affairs. She has been in many ways the greatest personal influence of her time in England, and that influence she has preserved to the very end. The death of the Queen will involve no radical change in the English Government; and if there had been a lingering illness, the Prince of Wales would have acted as regent and administered affairs. We reserve a record of her life and reign and an estimate of her character and service until our issue of next week. Great as will be the sorrow throughout the nation which her death involves, it certainly will not lead to any immediate change, and we do not believe it will lead to any eventual change, in the constitution or character of the Empire. Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, is reported as predicting that after Victoria's death the

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Empire will gradually disintegrate; Australia will first seek independence, then South Africa; perhaps subsequently Canada. We think the tendency of our time is toward unification rather than toward disintegration and independence, and that it is much more likely that the British Empire will be made more coherent than it is to-day, by some form of federation or quasi-federation, than that it will be broken into independent communities. The hope of civilization and of progress in the future lies in a closer fellowship between all Anglo-Saxon communities. That the Queen's influence has done much to promote such fellowship in the past is true; but that her death will prevent the continued effect of this tendency we see no reason whatever to suppose.

❀

English Journalism The old-school English Liberals, who since the great defeat of 1895 have looked to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley as the exponents of their political faith, are congratulating themselves that the "Daily News" is again in line with them. These congratulations are in order; for the "Daily News" has had a peculiarly valuable place in the history of English Liberalism. Until a few years ago, it had been for half a century the exponent of the Liberalism of Nonconforming England; and several of its editors and many of its editorial writers in these fifty years were drawn from the Nonconforming pulpits or from the manses of the Nonconforming churches. Its constituency from its earliest days was almost exclusively among middle-class English people who are of the Nonconforming churches. It represented their ideals in religion, politics, literature, and morals; and was just such a newspaper as its tradi ions, its associations, and its widespread constituency would demand. It was, in a word, the foremost exponent of middle-class Nonconformity in the London press, and rendered invaluable services to English Liberalism in the days of its greatest strength and greatest Parliamentary achievement. At no time in its history has the "Daily News" been other than a Liberal journal. But when the change of control came in 1897, and the old-school Liberals found themselves in a minority on the directorate, while the "Daily News" continued to hold its old line on domestic questions, it promptly parted company with Liberals of the school of Harcourt and Morley on the great colonial questions which were then coming to the front; and all through the earlier stages of the Boer war it may be said to have been in antagonism to its old traditions and to the opinions of its former reading constituency. So much was this the case that Liberals added the "Daily News" to the many journalistic losses which the party has sustained since the great split on the Irish question in 1886. Before that time the Liberals were infinitely better served in the press than the Conservatives. They had been supreme in the press, London as well as provincial, since about 1850. The position was entirely reversed in 1886; for since then the Tories have been reinforced by about a dozen first-class morning papers, which before the Home Rule split were doing excellent service for Liberalism. The "Daily Chronicle" went over to the Unionists at that time. It came back to the Liberal party in 1891; but it is the only gain among first-class morning newspapers the Liberals have made since 1886. Never since the Liberal party became a power has it needed a strong press more than at the present time. The work at hand for a reorganized Liberal party is greater, more obvious, and more pressing than at any time since the downfall of the old Toryism in 1829. Education; the reform of the liquor traffic; the amendment of the land laws as they touch the great centers of urban population; several constitutional changes affecting the representative system—all these questions are pressing for solution, and can be satisfactorily solved only by the Liberals.

❀

The Boer War The principal events in the Boer war last week were two repulses sustained by the Boers at Vlaklaagte and Ventersburg in the Transvaal. According to Lord Kitchener's report, these repulses appear to have been complete, although the British were unable to pursue their enemy. The Boers, however, have strengthened their positions at several points along the railway leading eastward from Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, to Lourenço Marques,

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the principal Portuguese port on the East African coast. In the Orange River Colony to the south the Boers have not, seemingly, gained any advantage, and in Cape Colony, still further south, their progress is not apparent. British optimists claim that the invasion has been a good thing; it has stimulated loyalty to the Empire, and has not brought about any extended insurrection among the Cape Dutch; indeed, many of them are less favorable than they once were to the Boer cause. In addition to this anxiety, there is another: the season has now arrived when enteric fever is most to be feared; its ravages have already been terrible among the British. They are, of course, more liable to it than are the acclimated Boers. A second call to arms has been issued to the British Yeomanry, and their response is satisfactory; recruiting is in progress at many points. It is believed that the number of volunteers asked for can easily be doubled. At the same time, military critics are justified in declaring that such measures are left-over plans from the Wolseley régime under inadequate financial appropriations from the Treasury, that they are only halting and half measures, and that they can hardly produce much impression upon the daring and determined Boer leaders. The end of the Boer war in the final defeat of the Boers appears to us absolutely certain; but it is not yet reached.

❀

Mr. Barton and the Australian Cabinet

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has thus far been the most picturesque among British Colonial Premiers, not only because of his attractive personality, but also because of the interesting legislation which he has introduced into the Canadian Parliament. It would appear from despatches received last week, however, that, at least as far as such legislation is concerned, Sir Wilfrid may find a rival in Mr. Edmund Barton, the first Prime Minister in the new Australian Commonwealth, a Confederation rivaled only by the Canadian in the British Empire. Mr. Barton has now disclosed the policy of his Ministry in an official statement. First, while a decision is to be taken regarding the new Federal capital, in the opinion of the Cabinet Parliament cannot be successfully carried on either at Sydney or Melbourne, as its deliberations must be removed from surrounding provincial influences. Socialists will be interested in Mr. Barton's second item; it is to the effect that the new Commonwealth will at an early date acquire all the railways in Australia. Discussing the fiscal questions, the Premier observes that if a uniform tariff were imposed the Commonwealth would have the exclusive power of imposing customs and excise duties, and that hence it would be necessary to preserve the power of direct taxation to the separate States, as there must be no direct taxation by the Commonwealth except under exceptional pressure. Protectionists and free-traders alike will note Mr. Barton's words on the subject as rather significant of other British dominions besides the Australian. He said: "Free trade under the Constitution would be practically impossible, because a very large customs revenue is requisite. Our policy, however, will be protective, not prohibitive. First of all, we ought to be considerate of existing industries. So far as the preferential duty on British goods is concerned, we shall be glad to reciprocate where possible, but this is a question requiring serious consideration." The followers of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his policy of preferential tariffs in Canada will be disappointed at not obtaining an expected ally. Mr. Barton next proceeded to an outline of projected legislation. This includes the bill for the construction of a transcontinental railway, a bill for the conciliation and arbitration of labor disputes, a bill to establish woman suffrage, and, finally, in line with our Californian statesmanship, a bill to exclude the Asiatic races.

❀

Roman Catholicism in France

It is believed by many, not without reason, that the work which Gambetta began in the seventies, and which was continued by his great successor, Jules Ferry, in the eighties, may be carried to a successful conclusion by the present French Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The declaration of policy by M. Waldeck-Rousseau practically charges the Roman Catholic Church with sinister motives, or at least with unpatriotic conduct;

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he declares that "it has trained one-half of the French Republic to manhood in such a manner that it cannot mix with other citizens as citizens. It raises an exclusive class which works to its own disadvantage and to the disadvantage of the State." His remedy for this is the bill introduced into the French Parliament by which the acquisition of property by religious congregations will be limited. These congregations are sometimes monastic orders and sometimes mere associations or societies for the ostensible purpose of furthering the cause of religion. Hence the bill has come to be known as "The Associations Bill." As The Outlook has reported on various occasions, the excessive interference with politics by the Roman Catholic religious orders, especially by the Assumptionists and by the Jesuits, has compelled the present Ministry to take this outspoken and certainly courageous position. Perhaps the most interesting contribution to last week's debate, aside from official utterances, was that of an interpellation by ex-Premier Bourgeois. He said that the intrusion of the Church into the individual conscience must be fought against strenuously. Neither the State nor any other power, the Church included, has the right to penetrate into the individual conscience; above all, added M. Bourgeois, any monastic association must be prevented from entering into and taking possession of the conscience of individuals. M. Trouillot then explained that hereafter all associations, religious or non-religious, would be free; only when associations attempted to live as communities would special laws be invoked. On the first vote, the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry scored a decisive triumph.

❀

Foreign Outrages in China By common consent Sir Robert Hart is considered the foremost authority on all matters connected with China. His long residence there, the fact that he is an official of the Imperial Government, and, above all, the fact that he has always conducted his great bureau without the misappropriation of a penny, have awakened a deserved confidence in all that he says and does. Two articles from his pen have appeared recently, both in the "Fortnightly Review." In these articles we have his impressive testimony that the days of foreign occupation in China have seen much that need not have occurred and will certainly be regretted. He believes that the existence of the Chinese Government under such conditions bodes no good to foreigners, and that the only way to secure a satisfactory settlement will be either partition, a difficult international settlement, or a miraculous spread of Christianity in its best form. This latter method of salvation is not impossible, but is scarcely to be expected, especially as Sir Robert avers that "some missionaries took such a leading part in 'spoiling the Egyptians' for the greater glory of God that a bystander was heard to say, 'For a century to come, Chinese converts will consider looting and vengeance Christian virtues.'" Sir Robert adds that the days of Taepingdom, when native warred with native, showed nothing worse than the outrages committed by the foreign soldiers who have gone to China during the last six months. It would seem that, in a number of glaring instances, the Boxers themselves have been outdone by the foreign soldiers in cruelty and rapine. Sir Robert Hart's account is that of an eye-witness. While he would exact stern justice from the Chinese for the massacre of foreign missionaries, diplomats, and native Christians, for the isolation of foreign Legations from all communication with the outside world, and for the subjection of those Legations to five weeks of attack by Imperial troops, he would at the same time call attention to the fact that the brutality characterizing the foreign occupation is a strong argument with the Chinese for the ultimate cessation of foreign dictation. The better China will one day initiate an aggressive policy in memory of the fact that two wrongs do not make a right.

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The Native Press and the Chinese Crisis China has the oldest newspaper in the world, the Peking "Gazette." It has been published daily for many centuries. It is made up of imperial edicts, official appointments, and reports from various viceroys and governors, and is therefore not at all like our type of newspaper. No one who is not a Chinese

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official may contribute a line to it. Half a century ago the first newspaper, in our acceptation of the term, was published in China. It is needless to say that this was the result of missionary energy. The opposition of the Imperial Government, however, was so great that as late as 1890 there were only seven daily Chinese newspapers in the Empire, even including non-Chinese Hongkong; they were published at that English port and in the foreign settlements at Shanghai and Tientsin. On purely Chinese soil such an undertaking would have been unsafe for any Chinese editor, as he would have been liable to be arrested if his views differed one iota from those of the local mandarin. It is interesting to note, however, that during the past decade another kind of paper has been published on Chinese soil. It has been published by the Chinese Government itself for private circulation only. None outside the circle of mandarins has been allowed to receive it, for it has consisted largely of translations of anything published in the outside world unfavorable to the foreigners who were pressing upon China. So states the report printed at Shanghai of the "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese," copies of which reached this country last week. Thirteen years ago the Society was the means of introducing a monthly magazine, the "Wan Kwoh Kung Pao," as a medium for giving light to the leading Chinese on the chief problems of the modern world. Articles were also written by a member of the Society as leaders in one of the native dailies. His ideas attracted the attention of the editors of the other six native dailies, and they reprinted half his editorials in their own papers. Thus the Society's principles were circulated by all the native press, and many mandarins became subscribers to the monthly magazine. When the Reformers, of whom so much has been said, began the publication of a paper of their own, they used, for the first fortnight, nothing but a republication of the Society's articles, and their later propaganda was, in the main, on the lines commenced by the Society. When the young Emperor gave to the Reformers tacit liberty to proceed, the native press multiplied phenomenally, the lead being appropriately taken by the organ of the reform party, the "Chinese Progress," as its translated title reads. By 1898 there were no less than seventy newspapers published in China, pouring immense light into the darkness of the Chinese mind. Through such an agency ideas of reform in all departments were widely disseminated. When the Empress Dowager forcibly seized the reins of government, she issued an edict against the newspapers. Only those under foreign protection dared to continue their work, and the number of native papers was reduced to nineteen. The good work had been done, however, and even the bloody deeds of last summer can but temporarily check the progress of reform.

❀

Congress: The Army Bill Passed

The Senate finally disposed of the Army Bill last week by a vote of 43 to 23; the vote was mainly on party lines, although Senator Hoar (who was absent on account of illness) was paired against the bill with Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, while, on the other hand, four Democrats voted for it—Senators Lindsay, McLaurin, Morgan, and Sullivan. Many amendments were rejected by the Senate, among which was that forbidding the importation of intoxicants into the Philippines and their sale there, while the canteen provision incorporated in the bill as it was presented to the Senate was dropped altogether. The final debate on the bill brought out the expression of opinion by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, that the subject of liquor-selling in the islands should be left to the Taft Commission, while Senator Lodge said that, nevertheless, four or five hundred American bar-rooms had been licensed in Manila and were doing infinite harm, and that he did not know why the course pursued in closing saloons in Havana by General Ludlow was not followed in Manila. Senator Hale, of Maine, supported the bill only because he felt, as he said, "constrained, much as I am opposed to it, to support this measure," for the reason that after July 1, under the present army law, there would be only twenty thousand American soldiers in the Philippines, and that they would be, he thought, "pressed upon by the Filipino forces, hemmed in in Manila, and lucky if they were not driven into the sea." One

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amendment agreed to was that of Senator McComas, striking out the age-limit for volunteer officers to be examined for the grades of captain and first and second lieutenant. This would seem to make it still more easy for volunteer officers to be passed over the heads of officers of the regular army, and will naturally increase the disfavor with which this provision of the bill is regarded by many regular officers. The bill, of course, now comes before a conference committee of the two houses. It is thought probable that an agreement will be reached and that the bill will be in the hands of the President for signature very soon.

❀

Vice in Manila

It has been and still is very difficult to ascertain the facts as to drunkenness and other forms of vice in Manila. The Outlook has not thought it worth while to pay attention to the evidently sensational and partisan reports which have been extensively circulated. On the other hand, if intemperate and partisan zeal is interested in exaggerating the evil, officialdom is interested in minimizing it. Doubtless the army has carried drunkenness and licentiousness with it, as an army always does; and the two vices have appeared at their worst in Manila, both because this is the chief city and because it is the natural resort of soldiers on furlough or on their way home. But doubtless also these facts have been made the occasion for most exaggerated and in some respects absolutely false reports. The following statement cabled from General MacArthur, in reply to an inquiry by the Adjutant-General, presents the latest and most trustworthy information which the American people possess on this subject. Its perfectly plain and emphatic statement that "houses of prostitution are not licensed" will be, and ought to be, accepted as conclusively disposing of some widely circulated false reports on this subject:

Manila, January 17.

Adjutant-General, Washington:

With reference to your telegram of 16th, drunkenness in this army is no more noticeable here than in the garrisons in the United States. Considering the whole force as a unit, it is probably very much less. In Manila drunken men are very noticeable. The effect of a drunkard in a public place is to create the impression among citizens of extensive disorders throughout the whole force, which is not the case. The army is in splendid discipline and a high state of efficiency, doing the hardest kind of service in the most faithful and inspiring manner. Houses of prostitution are not licensed, protected, or encouraged.

MACARTHUR.

❀

The Canal and Ship Subsidy Bills

Apart from the passage of the Army Reorganization Bill by the Senate, the most important action taken last week was that of the Republican Senatorial caucus respecting the Nicaragua Canal and Ship Subsidy Bills. It was decided that the Nicaragua Canal Bill should be allowed to go over until England's attitude toward the amended canal treaty should be announced. Senator Morgan's proposal to treat the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as no longer binding, and to proceed at once to the construction of the canal, was therefore definitely rejected until at least the ordinary requirements of international courtesy have been met. In regard to the Subsidy Bill, it was agreed that it should again be given the first place on the calendar as soon as the Army Bill was disposed of, but this concession to the subsidy advocates was more than offset by the stipulation that the Subsidy Bill should be amended in several important respects, and that even when amended its consideration should not be made to interfere with action on the appropriation bills and the War Revenue Reduction Bill, when they are reported from the committees. Among the amendments agreed upon were the limitation of contracts to fifteen years instead of twenty—thus reducing the aggregate subsidy from $180,000,000 to $135,000,000; the provision that the subsidies to the fast mail ships carrying little freight should be reduced; the cutting off of all subsidies from the oil-tank vessels; and the stipulation that not more than twelve foreign-built vessels belonging to any one line should receive subsidies. These provisions materially lessen the amount of public money directly appropriated to the International Navigation Company. As the session must end by March 3, the determined opposition of Senators Pettigrew, Allen, and a few others may defeat the bill. Popular opposition to it in any form appears to us to be steadily increasing.

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Ex-President Cleveland and Imperialism

Ex-President Cleveland's address last week before the Holland Society will attract attention less for what is said than because of the person who said it. For, apart from his position as ex-President, Mr. Cleveland represents a certain element in this country the weight of whose opinions is out of all proportion to their numbers. He believes that the Republic will be saved somehow; but he thinks it in peril from a wanton disregard of its traditions, a violation of its essential spirit, and a blind following of blind leaders. He thus interprets the spirit of the Nation as it has manifested itself in the last three years of its history:

> A strange voyage has been entered upon without count of cost and without chart or compass. The tried and sure foundations of our liberty and National happiness have been discredited. Reverence for our National traditions has been relaxed, and satisfaction with our country's mission has been undermined. The restraints and limitations of our Constitution have become galling and irksome under the temptations of National greed and aggrandizement. Our old love of peace, honor, and justice has been weakened, and frugality and contentment are not now traits inseparable from American character.

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A Different Estimate

Most individuals and all nations act from mixed motives; and no doubt commercial greed, personal ambition, the war fever, and a sentiment of false National glory intermingle with higher motives in the present crisis of the National life, as they did in the American Revolution and in the Civil War. But we do not believe that they predominate. The motive which impelled the American people to the war with Spain was a sincere desire to liberate Cuba from an intolerable bondage, intensified both by the reconcentrado policy of General Weyler and by the destruction of the Maine. In that war the Philippines fell into our hands by a destiny which could not be avoided, and we became responsible for peace and order in the Philippines under obligations which honor toward others and to ourselves requires us to discharge. When war was made upon our forces, the President had no option but to meet force with force; and that he did so affords as little indication of a desire to conquer the Philippines for our own benefit as the quelling of the Chicago mob during Mr. Cleveland's administration indicated on his part the desire then charged against him of Federal usurpation of power. The fact that our treaty with Spain accorded to her all the trade advantages that we asked for ourselves is a sufficient refutation of the charge that the object of the treaty, or of the subsequent action under it, was commercial aggrandizement. The Philippine problem is a very perplexing one; we have expressed our judgment upon its present aspects in another column. But it is not to be solved by aspersing the motives of the American people at large, or of those who are just now their leaders.

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Mr. Quay Re-elected

Ex-Senator Quay has been re-elected by the Pennsylvania Legislature, receiving 130 votes, or three more than were necessary to a choice. This margin was obtained through the fact that seven Republican legislators, who had pledged themselves never to vote for him, did vote for him, and that these were joined by one Democrat, who broke away from his own party in order to support the distinctive representative of the Republican machine. The forces, personal and impersonal, which brought about this victory for ex-Senator Quay are variously measured. "Boodle" and "corruption funds" are given the first place by the Philadelphia "Press," the organ of the anti Quay Republicans. Disgust with the insincerity and self-seeking of the professed reformers is given the first place by the Pittsburg "Leader," one of the supporters of ex-Senator Quay. Senator Quay's ability to make and keep personal friends, even among the ranks of party opponents, is also recognized on all hands to have been a factor of some importance. But the main factor, as it seems to us, is that which the New York "Sun" lays emphasis upon in the following paragraph:

> There will be many ugly explanations of his victory, but the fundamental reason for it must be plain to all. It is that the vast commercial interests of Pennsylvania have looked upon Mr. Quay as a safer and more valuable representative to speak for them in the Senate than any rival who could have been put forward by the opposition. Without this overwhelming force in politics, Quay never could have achieved his victory.

Inasmuch as the "Sun" is the unwavering supporter of commercialism and of

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monopoly, this statement cannot be regarded as a charge brought by a reform newspaper. It is simply a frank admission of a truth patent to all. Mr. Quay has been, both at Washington and Harrisburg, the efficient agent of the powerful material interests which are dominating the politics of the State, and the exposure of his use of public funds for partisan and factional and personal ends has not aroused the public conscience sufficiently to overcome the material forces arrayed on his side.

❀

Other Senatorial Contests

The same forces which triumphed in Pennsylvania in the re-election of ex-Senator Quay triumphed in Montana in the re-election of ex-Senator Clark. In Mr. Clark's case the wealth which secured the re-election was largely, it is true, the candidate's private possession, but the power of concentrated wealth was even more strikingly in evidence because Mr. Clark was elected by the parties which make opposition to monopolies the foundation of their platforms. While in the Senate Mr. Clark showed no anti-monopolist or anti-protectionist or even anti-imperialist leanings, and his election seems to be solely due to the power of money over those avowedly engaged in fighting the money power. Whether the Senate can refuse his seat to Senator Clark raises an interesting question. Had he been convicted of bribery it might perhaps have done so; but as he had the skill to resign before the claim to his seat had been determined, it is doubtful whether the Senate can take official notice of the charges brought against him upon which it had not the opportunity to pass. It is a relief to turn from these contests to that in Illinois, where Senator Cullom has secured re-election in spite of the opposition of Governor Tanner and most of the men identified with the franchise jobbery of the last few years. While Senator Cullom is in no sense a radical, the support which he gave to the Inter-State Commerce Bill and the amendments thereto which are now pending shows that he considers himself the representative of the general public, and not of special moneyed interests. In Nebraska and in Delaware the deadlocks still continue. In Nebraska Editor Rosewater, of the Omaha "Bee," and ex-Governor Crounse are the most prominent candidates of the anti-monopoly Republicans, while Mr. D. E. Thompson and Assistant Secretary of War Meiklejohn are the men most favored by the conservative wing. In Delaware the Dupont Republicans steadfastly refuse to unite with the Addicks Republicans upon any agreement involving the election of Mr. Addicks.

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The Situation in Venezuela

It is not probable that any serious disturbance of peaceful relations between the United States and Venezuela will result, notwithstanding the present complications. The origin of the difficulty lies in the disputed ownership of the asphalt lakes in the Department of Sucre in Venezuela. The Venezuelan Government seems to have taken the part of one of the two companies, instead of referring the questions in dispute to the courts, which would seem to be the natural and proper procedure. Both companies claim to have concessions from the Venezuelan Government, and the New York and Bermudez Company, which has been in actual possession, is wholly or largely an American company. The Venezuelan Government appears to have summarily revoked the concessions of the American company, and forcible eviction has been threatened. It has been believed that the Government was about to seize the arms of the New York and Bermudez Company under a pretense of needing these arms to use against revolutionists. Under the same pretense the Venezuelan Government has seized three vessels at Caracas. Two of these vessels have British charters and sail under the British flag, while one of them is said to use the Venezuelan flag; but the great majority of stock in the company owning the vessels is held by Americans. It is a well-recognized principle of American policy and law that vessels owned by Americans but of foreign registry and construction are not entitled to protection from the United States Government. This subject was discussed at some length two weeks ago in The Outlook, in the editorial entitled "Better than Ship Subsidy," and the present facts afford a striking illustration of the ideas advanced in that editorial.

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In all the complications in Venezuela our Government is interested only in maintaining the personal and property rights of American citizens who may be doing business in that country, and in safeguarding Americans from arbitrary and unreasonable governmental persecution. No doubt active diplomatic representations have already been made to President Castro from Washington, and it is possible, though not certain as we write, that an American war vessel is under orders to proceed to the chief port of Venezuela. This is not a threat, and does not intimate danger of war, but is the ordinary course taken when possible complications between two countries come into sight. It was reported also that the gunboat Scorpion had been ordered to proceed from La Guayra to Guanoco, which is the river port nearest to the asphalt lakes, and the point of shipment for the industry; later it was stated in Washington that this order had been countermanded, as the presence of the Scorpion was considered desirable at La Guayra.

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Ex-Governor James A. Mount

Ex-Governor Mount, of Indiana, who had just completed his four years' administration, died suddenly last week. He was regarded, not only by members of his own party, but to an exceptional extent by its opponents also, as the very best type of the farmer politician. In the later years of his career, and particularly in 1896, when he was the Republican candidate for Governor, his strength among the plain people was a considerable factor in preventing in Indiana the same kind of a landslide of the farmers toward Mr. Bryan as took place in southern Michigan and in several of the States further West. While in the Governor's chair he won National regard by his efforts to bring to justice those responsible for the whitecap outrages. As an administrator he threw his influence on the side of those who desired the non-partisan administration of the State institutions. One of his last public addresses was against the partisan management of State charities. In his retiring message as Governor he expressed a Lincoln-like concern over present tendencies in the political life of his State—particularly the growth of bribery and the rapidly growing political influence of the corporations, which "are solicited for large campaign contributions, thus making the parties their debtors." He retained as Governor the same sympathies which he had cherished as a farmer, and these gave him his strength among the common people.

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The Trouble at Stanford University

The situation at the Leland Stanford Junior University created by the forced resignation of Dr. Edward Ross, upon which comment has been made in these columns, has been further complicated by additional resignations. Professor George E. Howard, head of the Department of History, who handed in his resignation at the request of President Jordan, has expressed himself with great frankness with regard to the resignation of Professor Ross, and, unfortunately for the cause for which he stands, his course does not seem to have been marked by reserve and dignity. In an address to his class on the subject of recent events in the University, he is reported to have said: "I do not worship St. Market Street; I do not reverence holy Standard Oil, nor do I doff my hat to the Celestial Six Companies." This is a capital illustration of the form of protest which a college instructor ought not to make; and it is unfortunate that the contest over the principle of free teaching in the Leland Stanford University should suffer from the lack of judgment and of taste on the part of any professor. A member of a college faculty ought to be free to follow truth wherever it leads him; and a university would better go out of existence than attempt to limit either freedom of investigation or freedom of speech. But a college class-room is not a political platform, nor is it the place for the agitator. Dr. Howard's resignation has been followed by that of Professor Spencer, of the same department, of Professor W. H. Hudson, of the English Department, and of Professor C. O. Little, of the Mathematical Department. Professor B. C. Brown, of the Art Department, has also, it is reported, declared his intention of resigning. Meanwhile the students are taking a hand in the fray, and a junior who expressed sympathy with the outgoing professors paid for his

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exercise of the freedom of speech the price of an involuntary bath in a lake on the University grounds. The Outlook has no desire to prejudge this case, but, if it understands the facts, the Le and Stanford University is on an impossible basis. No university can fulfill the functions of a university or do its work which is dependent upon the will of any single person, man or woman. We are in hearty agreement with the position taken by Professor Ashley in a letter which appears in another column; in our judgment, there is but one course for the Leland Stanford University to take, and that is to secure from Mrs. Leland Stanford a clear declaration of its independence.

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The Kansas Atrocity The latest stain upon the honor of the country was made last week by a mob in Leavenworth, Kan., which took from the sheriff by force, and burned at the stake, a negro who was accused of attempting to commit the crime which has so often evoked this punishment. It is reported that eight thousand people witnessed the burning. In the presence of this infuriated mob, made up, not, as in the recent assaults on negroes in this city, of the scum of the community, but of a great number of respectable men, the negro offender was soaked with oil and then burned. Leavenworth is a town of some 25,000 population—a fact which makes the crime more disgraceful. There is no longer any excuse for this kind of crime, no matter how great the offense; for it is now demonstrated beyond question that these brutal atrocities do not in the least deter men from committing crime, but, on the contrary, evoke the violence at which they blindly strike. That they are against the spirit of Anglo-Saxon institutions does not need to be said; that in every case in which they occur they betray a half-developed civilization needs also hardly to be said. In law-abiding communities, trained to the self-restraint which is one of the most precious products of the civilization of the English-speaking peoples, these atrocities do not take place. They are instantly reported in all parts of the world, they misrepresent our civilization, and so long as they occur we have no right to arrogate to ourselves the position of a completely civilized nation.

Foreign Missions Conference Last week a three-day conference took place in New York City of representatives from the various foreign mission boards of the United States and Canada. Eight delegates attended the opening session and over forty mission boards were represented. The Conference was a notable instance of the domination of the spirit of unity and co-operation which should characterize all religious workers. An interesting feature was the discussion on "The Church and its Opportunities in China." Among those participating were such veteran missionaries as Drs. Martin and Ashmore. In this connection there was read the report of a committee appointed to consider the statements made recently by a number of Buddhist priests in Japan, pointing out the mistakes made by Christian missionaries in China. The Committee's report addresses the Buddhist priests directly, showing the marked difference between the methods used by American Protestant missionaries and those used by some others who are working in China. The former have not, as the Buddhists affirm, "arrogated to themselves the power of protecting the followers of their creeds, in utter disregard of their criminality." They have not even, as a rule, taken advantage of the clause in the treaty with China giving them authority to interfere to protect Christian converts from persecution. That the uprising in China was not caused by American missionaries is evidenced from the fact, as the Committee affirms, that these missionaries and their churches, schools, hospitals, and homes were not the first attacked. Instead, the mob-fury was first directed towards the railways and telegraph lines. Quite as interesting was the last session of the Conference, at which the topic discussed was the "Missionary Problems of our New Possessions." The principal addresses at this meeting were delivered by the Rev. Dr. H. K. Carroll, ex-United States Commissioner to Porto Rico, and by the Hon. John Barrett, ex-Minister to Siam. Dr. Carroll graphically described the conditions in Porto Rico as he saw them, and found much cause for hopefulness in the outlook. As for the Philippines, Mr. Barrett declared that he regarded those islands as affording peculiarly favorable opening for Christian

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work. The people there are already Christians, whereas all the other Asiatic nations are pagan, so called. Mr. Barrett advocated the distribution of Philippine territory among the different Protestant denominations, and said that they should be able to work in harmony not only with one another, but also with Roman Catholics, for the religious betterment of the people of the islands.

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Religious Work at the Pan-American Exposition

A plan for religious work at the forthcoming Pan-American Exposition has now been definitely decided upon, and is announced in a number of the "Evangelist." The initiative to this kind of religious work came from the late Robert McAll, who, in addition to the missions which he had already planted in Paris, enlarged his work during the Exposition of 1878 by establishing a mission hall close to one of its principal entrances. Eleven years later, and again eleven years later, this work was repeated; important and lasting results came from all three endeavors. It is believed that such a mission, on a larger scale, would have proportionately increased results at Buffalo, and therefore the "Evangelist" proposes to invite the co-operation of a number of men of National reputation to serve as a committee of direction. Representing the whole country, they would thus make the endeavor genuinely national. Daily preaching services are to be carried on, not so much by professional evangelists as by preachers of wide reputation and from all denominations. The proposed work will not be characteristic of revival or of evangelistic endeavors in the usual acceptation of those terms, nor, on the other hand, will it merely offer an opportunity to see and hear celebrities. The direct object of this work, as we understand it, is to bring the visitors at the Exposition under the influence of the best and wisest preachers of the Gospel. That this effort will prove successful we do not doubt. It will be founded on two encouraging circumstances: first, the fact that never in the history of Christianity has there been a more universal call to consecration; and, second, that never has there been as quick a response to that call.

What it Costs to Maintain Christianity

According to statistics published by the New York "Herald," it cost last year nearly four million dollars to maintain the Protestant churches in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, New York City, and nearly a million and a half to maintain the Roman Catholic churches. In the Borough of Brooklyn the proportions were about two and a half millions to about three-quarters of a million. Adding the interest on church debts and the expenditure for churches in the other boroughs (Queens and Richmond), there is a total of almost nine million dollars. This, however, is but one-third of the sum spent in Christian effort. The largest single item, on a complete list, is, according to the "Herald," eight million dollars for new structures and repairs, followed by four and a half millions for education, three millions for hospital support, and nearly two millions for Christian literature. Other items are those of missions, young people's organizations, and Sunday-schools, making a grand total of twenty-seven million dollars, representing what the Christians of New York City gave last year to carry on the Gospel work; or, as the "Herald" puts it, this sum is the financial voice of the Christianity of New York City. In its analysis of the different Protestant denominations in the metropolis, the Episcopalians are credited with spending almost twice as much as any other. The Presbyterians come second, followed by the Baptists, Methodists, Lutherans, Reformed, and Congregationalists. This table is not characteristic, however, when applied to the whole country, in which the Methodists spend more money than any other Protestant denomination, followed by the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Lutherans, Disciples, and Congregationalists. Adding expenses for new buildings, etc., the total approaches three hundred millions. For the world the compiler believes the annual expenditure to be about one billion dollars.

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The Fight with Tuberculosis

Ex-Mayor Hewitt's recent letter to the New York "Sun," declaring that one hundred million dollars ought to be expended as rapidly as possible in recon-

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structing a portion of the city which, as he says, is generally admitted to be criminally overcrowded, is amply justified by a grave menace to public health. The infectious nature of tuberculosis is now so widely understood that no person of average information can regard the toleration of hotbeds for its propagation in a great city without serious apprehension. At a hearing last November before the Tenement-House Commission medical testimony made the danger apparent. There were said to be at least 20,000 consumptives among tenement dwellers in this city—one in nearly every house—and 6,000 deaths a year. Their expectorations dry and are scattered widely. "Many houses," said Dr. Pryor, of Buffalo, "are infected, and every one who lives in them courts death." Dr. Briggs, of the State Board of Health, named one block containing 1,000 tenants, with 104 cases of tuberculosis in four years and nine months, and one with 2,000 tenants and 318 cases in four years and a half. Yet not more than half the cases have been reported to the Board. Both physicians agreed that the only remedy in a number of the infected buildings is complete destruction. One of various ways in which the disease is propagated from these quarters is by the sweatshop work done in them—"a woman frequently sewing clothes up to the day of her death." Here is ample justification for Mr. Hewitt's declaration that the evils have become intolerable, and that the only cure is the demolition of the disease-breeding tenements and the erection of sanitary dwellings. His letter follows up the advice he has before given in general terms, that the rich should be more liberal of their wealth, by commending this specific need to "any rich man in New York who wishes to render the greatest public service"—adding that the investment can be made to pay five per cent., while supplying decent homes at half the rental now paid by hapless sufferers. What is true of New York is true also in a measure of some smaller cities, where the same remedy is in order. Mr. Hewitt adds: "I consider tenement-house reconstruction to be the emergent duty of New York." If private subscriptions do not supply the means, the work should be undertaken by the city. Mr. Hewitt agrees with the physicians who hold that "the danger from fire is infinitely less than from tuberculosis."

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The Philippine Petition

On January 10 Senator Teller, of Colorado, presented to the Senate a petition signed by two thousand Filipinos and addressed to "the Congress of the United States." All that the country knows concerning the character of the signers is derived from Senator Teller, who in presenting it said: "I have examined the petition, and I think I can say it bears evidence of being a bona-fide, properly signed petition." He adds: "The petition is signed by the leading people of that section of the country [Manila]—lawyers and bankers and professional men generally—and it is not a picked-up thing where somebody has secured a lot of uninterested signers." None of the names of the signers have been, so far as we know, given to the public, though the names were given to the Senate; nor is it probable that the public would be any the wiser were they published. Certainly there is no concealment of them. The petition is, as Senator Teller says, "couched in respectful language;" it is somewhat over-rhetorical, but apparently thoroughly earnest and sincere. It is substantially as follows:

The demand for independence was first formulated by the Katipunan Society. This association was formed at the home of Andres Bonifacio, on July 7, 1892, for the purpose of demanding and securing national independence. Two years later representatives of this society met in a cave in the mountains of San Mateo and Montalban and pledged themselves solemnly to the cause of national independence; and by 1896 the association thus organized and pledged already numbered four thousand members. Whether since that time it has increased or decreased in membership the petition does not state. It is evident that the petition proceeds from this association, though whether all the signers are Katipunans does not appear. The grounds on which the demand for independence is urged by this society upon Congress are grouped under four divisions: (1) The war has already proved that the national aspiration for independence is invincible. Successive defeats

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have done nothing to diminish the national resolve. The capture of the Philippine capital, the crossing of the Rio Grande, the taking of San Isidro, the occupation of the northern provinces of Luzon, the dissolution of the army into guerrilla bands, leave the resolve of the people unbroken and undaunted. These facts sufficiently refute the charge that the revolution is only a pretext employed by leaders for their own enrichment. All the islands of the archipelago support the revolutionists, and only wait the result of the revolution in Luzon to declare themselves. (2) Annexation to the United States is out of the question. It is made so by a difference in race which will inevitably cause deceit in their relations, by the distance of the Philippines from America, and by the national aspirations. (3) "An ample autonomy, similar to that of Canada or Australia, would not be acceptable, since it is not in accordance with the aspirations of the people, as it has already been proven." The Filipinos would always retain their aspirations; autonomy might bring an interregnum, but not a durable peace; the greater the tranquillity, the greater reason to fear a new outbreak. (4) The constitution of the Filipino people has conclusively shown that they are fit to govern themselves; and the occasional acts of violence or rapine are only such as are always incident to a time of war, and have been summarily dealt with by exemplary punishment. The remarkable statement is added that only twenty per cent. of the Filipinos cannot read and write. The conclusions of the petitioners are thus summed up by them:

We have, therefore, already proven:
(1) That the revolution was the exclusive work of the public.
(2) That in preparing it they were moved by a great ideal—the ideal of independence.
(3) That they are ready to sacrifice their whole existence in order to realize their just aspirations.
(4) That, in spite of the serious difficulties through which they are passing, they still expect from America that she will consider them with impartiality and justice, and will recognize what by right belongs to them, and thus give them an opportunity to show their boundless gratitude.
(5) That the annexation of the Philippines to America is not feasible.
(6) That the American sovereignty is not favored by the Philippine people.
(7) That an ample autonomy cannot be imposed without violating the Filipino will.
(8) That the Filipinos are firm for self-government.

And on these conclusions they base the following as their demand:

Therefore we, in the name of justice and with all the energies of our souls, demand:
(1) That the independence of the Filipinos be recognized.
(2) That all the necessary information regarding the events which are taking place, concerning the peaceful towns and places which are supporting the arms of the revolution, be obtained from Filipinos who, by their antecedents and by their actual conduct, deserve the respect and confidence of the Filipino people.

We have indicated the importance which we attach to this document by the space we have given to this summary of its contents. But we do not, as apparently do some of our contemporaries, regard it as conclusive upon the subjects of which it treats. The critical student will not forget that this document comes from Manila, which is the center of Tagalog influence, that the names and character of the signers are wholly unknown to Congress or the American people, and apparently not really known to the distinguished Senator who has presented this petition to Congress, and that they certainly cannot include all the best element among even Manila Filipinos, since some of the ablest of them are active in the administration of affairs under the American government. He will notice the naïve acknowledgment of the inevitableness of deceit between the races, and will wonder whether some of the statements in this document may not illustrate the warning addressed to the American people against the dangers of deceit. He will not forget that it is always easy to secure signatures to a petition, and that it is a mistake to regard all signers as personally responsible for all the contents of the document they have signed. He will remember that two thousand names are not conclusive as to the sentiments of ten millions of people. He will recall the character of the Katipunan Society from which this petition has proceeded as an organization certainly not above suspicion. The well-informed and cautious Philippine correspondent of the anti-imperialistic "Evening Post," in one of his letters a year or two ago, compared it to the Jacobin clubs of France, and attributed the impolitic course of Aguinaldo to the revolu-

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tionary influence of this club, which conservative Filipinos deprecated but were as powerless to resist as were the Girondins to counteract the influence of the Jacobins. The critical student will not be carried away by the fine phrases of the document; he will remember that fine phrases and feeble character not infrequently go together; that Robespierre's rhetorical appeals to brotherhood and eloquent demands for liberty, fraternity, and equality equaled anything in this petition. In short, the careful student will wish to look behind this document, to know from whom it really emanates, whether it is a spontaneous utterance of the Filipinos of worth and weight, or the product of a self-constituted band of revolutionary leaders, whose sentiments may be as noble as those of Robespierre and Danton, and who may be as lacking in power to realize those sentiments in political action.

These considerations constitute very good reasons why this petition should not be regarded as conclusive; why the American people should not straightway dismiss as disproved the official statements of such distinguished Americans as President Schurman and his colleagues in the first Commission, and Judge Taft and his colleagues in the second Commission; and why they should not disregard the reports, presented almost simultaneously with this petition, of the surrender of leaders in the disaffected districts as indicating a different conclusion from that of these petitioners. But these considerations constitute no reason why the petition should not be regarded, considered, weighed. It is respectful; it is earnest; it has every appearance of sincerity. It therefore deserves to be received, investigated, and answered. And the only body which can answer it is Congress.

Under our Constitution it is the function of the President to execute the will of the Nation; it is the function of Congress to determine what that will is. Congress determined that it was the will of the Nation to make war on Spain—the President prosecuted the war; that it was the will of the Nation that Cuba should be independent—the President has been preparing Cuba for independence by preserving the peace while the Cubans deliberated; that it was the will of the Nation that the Philippines should be purchased from Spain—the President completed the purchase and paid the money. It then became the duty of the President to preserve order, protect persons and property, and maintain the sovereignty of the United States in the Philippines until Congress should determine what is the will of the Nation respecting them. The President cannot determine that will; he can only execute that will when Congress has determined what it is. He cannot promise the Filipinos a protectorate, or autonomy, or independence. The utmost he can do is to promise them that they shall be protected in those civil and religious liberties which the American people recognize as the inalienable right of all men. This he has done; more he cannot do.

It is now the function of Congress to act, and it is high time that it acted. Its first duty is to give the President in some form an army which will enable him to do what the Nation has instructed him to do—preserve order in the new territories, the responsibility for which we have assumed. Its next duty is to tell the Filipinos what we propose to do with them. They have a right to be told; this petition simply emphasizes that right.

As this question cannot be answered by the President, so it cannot be answered directly by the people. The problem is too complicated to be answered by a plebiscite. All that the people can do by a plebiscite is to refer it to a representative body to answer in their name. This the people have done. They have referred this question to the Republican party. That party has no more sacred, no more important, no more immediate duty to which it can address itself than the duty of answering that question. It is of far greater importance than reduction of taxation, subsidy to shipping, or a Nicaragua canal. If the party fails to find some wise and just solution for this problem, the people will and ought to call it to account at the next general election. The problem does not seem to us as simple as it does to some of our contemporaries. Permanently to hold a recalcitrant and resisting people, under our authority, by force of arms, seven thousand miles away from our shores, would be a preposterous solution: no one proposes it. To sail away and leave Filipinos who have trusted

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our protestations, believed in our power, and befriended our cause, to whatever fate might befall them, without securing their protection, would be an infamous solution. To establish a protectorate and guarantee an experimental government against interference from abroad or revolt at home, without retaining an authority which would give assurance that the government would so act as to deserve our protection, would involve us in perpetual perplexities and might involve us in National dishonor. The only adequate solution is an amicable adjustment of our relations with the Filipino people; and we are neither prepared to believe that this is impossible, nor that the unknown authors of this petition are authorized to speak the last word on the subject for the community whom they claim to represent. To the discovery and formulation of such an amicable adjustment Congress, and especially the Republican leaders in Congress, ought to give their instant and earnest endeavor.

The Outlook has more than once indicated what it believes should be the first steps toward such an adjustment. Congress should, in our judgment, by joint resolution assure the Filipinos: (1) Universal amnesty for all political offenses, and a speedy trial of all other offenders before civil tribunals in which the Filipinos should have large if not exclusive representation; (2) all the civil and religious rights of person and property enjoyed by the inhabitants of other Territories of the United States; (3) local self-government analogous to that enjoyed by the people of the Territories, details to be settled in conference with the Filipinos as soon as peace is restored; (4) a general election, as soon as a general election is rendered possible by the establishment of peace, for the purpose of securing either a Filipino Convention or Filipino Commissioners to represent the Filipinos in a Conference with representatives of the United States, for the purpose of determining what shall be the future relations between the two countries.

But we do not insist upon this programme; we do not insist upon any particular programme; we simply insist that the President, the American people, and, above all, the Filipinos, have a right to know what is the attitude and what are the purposes of this Nation toward the Philippines; that only Congress can determine what that attitude shall be; and that no duty devolves upon Congress which is so immediate or so important as the duty of reaching a wise and speedy determination upon that question.

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A Modern Book of Martyrs

Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world has there been more searching thought with regard to missionary motives and methods than during the past year; never before, surely, has the missionary effort as the expression of the deep and positive impulse at the heart of Christianity appealed more keenly to men. The scope, the dignity, and the fruitfulness of that effort were never so strikingly brought out, on so many planes, in reports from so many parts of the world, in the mouths of so many workers, as at the great Missionary Conference held in this city last spring. That was a true Ecumenical Conference; for, although some Christian Churches were not represented in it, it stood for the positive Christian work in all parts of the world. Even while that great Conference was holding its meetings and listening to the stories of Christian teachers from all lands, there were menacings in China; storm-clouds were gathering, but no one then dreamed of the appalling disaster which was soon to overtake the Church of Christ in China. That disaster came at the end with the suddenness of an earthquake and with the destructiveness of a great natural catastrophe. Its magnitude has not yet been realized, but the great Conference which was an affirmation of the necessity of missions and the reality of their work has, since its close, received the seal of the blood of an army of martyrs. It is known that not less than two hundred missionaries, and it is now believed that not less than forty thousand converts to Christianity in China, perished during the terrible months of August, September, and October last; and this sublime testimonial to the reality of the Christ-faith and the sincerity of the Chinese converts was essentially a vol-

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untary offering. The Chinese Christians died with their faces to the front, as nobly as the early martyrs of the Church died in the amphitheater or at the stake. Many of them undoubtedly were slain in the mad moments when the mobs were rioting, but the great majority of them could have saved themselves and their homes by recanting their faith. Never was there a more magnificent refutation of the slander that the Chinese become Christians for gain; never a more beautiful example of Christian faith and patience on a great scale in the face of the most awful dangers.

If this terrible massacre had occurred in the days of Diocletian, monuments would have been built and days set apart to commemorate so great a sacrifice, so heroic and convincing a testimony. But it has occurred in our own time; it was barely mentioned in the newspapers, which were chiefly concerned, first, with the fate of the Foreign Legations, then with the progress of foreign armies of relief, and now with the slow delays and machinations of diplomacy. During all this time, unreported and largely unrecorded, an army of men and women have gone to painful death without hesitation. Cases of apostasy have been so few that they are not worth taking into account; and the converts whose acceptance of Christianity was cruelly interpreted as a measure of prudence have sealed their faith with their blood. The closing year of the century was one of the most heroic in the annals of the Christian Church. When time has given that sense of perspective which brings out the heroic proportions of a great human achievement, the death of the Chinese Christians will find its record at the hands of poets and orators.

These brave men and women died at the front; they represent the advancing movement of the Christian faith. The least that can be done in honor of their memory is to reinforce and unfold the work of which they were the fruits, and to bring back to the Christian Church in the modern world a new and deeper sense of its privileges and its duties. It would be a callous society which would stand by indifferent while such a host were sealing their faith with their blood, and attesting the reality of their convictions by the vastness of their sacrifice. It is incredible that this great event should leave the imagination and the conscience of Christendom untouched, and that a martyrdom the like of which has not been seen since the earliest days of Christianity should fail to freshen the faith of the whole Christian world. The Church cannot leave the celebration of this noble passage in contemporary history to the few; it cannot pass over the sublime privilege of interpreting its meaning to the poets and orators of a later generation. In its own intensified earnestness, in its own refreshment of spirit, in the deepening of its capacity for sacrifice; above all, in the quickening of its sense of responsibility for those who are less privileged at the end of the earth, must come the honor which belongs to those who, even unto death, have proved their faith in the face of skepticism, cynicism, and indifference.

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A Southern Abolitionist

The death of the Rev. John G. Fee at Berea, Ky., removes the last of the Southern abolitionists, who suffered so much in the struggle for the overthrow of slavery. As Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has pointed out, there is too common an assumption that opposition to the treatment of men as property followed sectional lines. Whatever may have been true of the mass of Southern slaveholders at the beginning of our National history, the statesmen, among them Washington, Jefferson, Mason, and Madison, were all hostile to the extension or perpetuation of slavery, and it was only when the invention of the cotton-gin and the development of the cotton industry had made the ownership of slaves enormously profitable at the South, while it had become increasingly unprofitable at the North, that the sectional line became marked. Even in the end the purely sectional struggle was neither at the North nor the South a struggle avowedly for the overthrow or perpetuation of slavery, but at the North a struggle for the right of a majority of the Nation to control the Nation, and at the South a struggle for the right of the dissatisfied section to separate itself from the National control. When the conflict came, eastern Kentucky and Tennessee and western Virginia and North Carolina

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furnished more than their quota of troops for the Union armies.

It was in eastern Kentucky that Mr. Fee did his important work. The son of a slaveholder, he passed through the spiritual experiences which made him an abolitionist in 1843, when abolitionists were still liable to mob violence in Boston. He was then attending Lane Seminary in Cincinnati. The influence which led him to take up his life-work for the despised race cannot be adequately shown except by his own words describing his struggles:

> Friends pressed upon my conscience the text, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I saw that the duty enjoined was fundamental in the religion of Jesus Christ, and that unless I embraced the principle and lived it out in practice, I would lose my soul. I saw also that, as an honest man, I ought to be willing to wear the name which would be a fair exponent of the principle I espoused. This was the name abolitionist, odious then to the vast majority of people North and especially South. For a time I struggled between odium on the one hand and manifest duty on the other. I saw that to embrace the principle and wear the name was to cut myself off from relatives and former friends, and apparently from all prospects of usefulness in the world. I had in the grove near the seminary a place to which I went every day for prayer. I saw that to have light and peace from God I must make the consecration, and I said, "Lord, if needs be, make me an abolitionist." I arose from my knees with the consciousness that I had died to the world and accepted Christ in all the fullness of his character as I then understood him. Imperfect as has been my life, I do not remember that in all my after difficulties I had to consider anew the questions of sacrifice of property, of comfort, of social position, of apparent failure, of personal safety, or of giving up life itself.

He was of course turned out of the presbytery, and this action of the Church authorities was one of the things which led abolitionists to denounce the Church as "the bulwark of slavery;" but it is worth while to observe that, whatever the attitude of the leaders in the Church toward this new manifestation of the religious life, it was none the less a distinctively religious impulse which led not only Mr. Fee, but most of his associates, to join the ranks of the abolitionists at a sacrifice of personal ambitions.

When the war was ended, Mr. Fee felt that the same principle of human brotherhood which demanded emancipation demanded for the negroes equal educational opportunities with the whites, and these Berea College, of which he was the chief founder, granted, in the end to the strengthening of its own work. The career of such a man illustrates the truth that the Civil War was not only a war between sections but between ideas, with a considerable minority in the South ready to sacrifice everything to nationality and liberty, as there was a considerable minority in the North who either disbelieved in liberty or were unwilling to sacrifice anything for its sake.

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The Highest Service of Love

After all that has been said in so many forms of speech, love remains unexplained and unfathomable; we know its manifestations, its modes of expression, its surrenders and sacrifices, but the heart of it we do not know; if we could penetrate this mystery, we should understand God. The mystery of God, which lies like a luminous cloud about us, would be revealed if it were possible to analyze and probe to the bottom any pure human love. Wherever love is, there dwells the mystery of God; mysterious because it is too sacred for the searching of thought alone, and too vast for the capacity of present experience. The touch of the infinite is upon it, and it shares the boundlessness of the infinite; for no time is set for its duration, and no limits for its growth. Age, pain, weariness, sorrow, denial, do not weaken it; and it faces death with sublime indifference.

There is an instinct in the soul of love which knows that it is immortal. There come to it at times the premonitions of eternity; it cries out for infinite capacity and limitless time. No language is adequate to bear the burden of its expression or to reveal the glory of its pure and passionate craving to serve, to give, to surrender, to be and to do for the child, the wife, or the friend to whom it goes out in a silent, unreturning tide. After it has said everything, it retreats baffled and helpless because it has left everything unsaid. Its constant pain is the burden of unexpressed feeling. Try as it may every form of speech known to men, and in its heart of heart there remains the conscious-

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ness that the deepest and truest things have not been said. The heart of man has overflowed in song, in art, in noble devotions of word and deed, but the heart of man is still an unplumbed sea. If love were mortal, it could find a voice sweet enough and of adequate compass to convey that which lies in the depths of its being; but how shall the immortal put on mortality? When the Infinite, twenty centuries ago, put on the finite, and the immortal wore the garments of the mortal, the divine was compelled to hold back the most glorious part of its nature because there was no language among men fine enough for its purity or capacious enough for its vastness. Christ was not only the revelation but the veiling of the Father. If love were finite, it would not bear forever in its heart a deep sense of helplessness; it is ready to give all, do all, save all, but it can give only a cup of water where it would open a fountain, and plead and pray where it would gladly lay down its life. The pain of love is rooted in its immortality.

And as its pain of unexpressed feeling and devotion is rooted in its immortality, so also is its divinest revelation of itself. For the highest service of love is not to console but to inspire, not to comfort but to stimulate. In the wreckage of hopes which sometimes overtakes the strongest and the best, love alone finds a hearing, and brings that sense of companionship which is the beginning of consolation. Wherever darkness settles, there shines the light of love; and when the smitten arise out of the prostration of grief, it is the leading of this light which they follow with steps that grow stronger as they struggle on. The sorrow of the world has always sought the heart of love as its only place of hope.

But love has a higher ministry; its glory is not in service in hours of disaster, but in its noble compulsion to do and to seek the best. He loves best who demands and secures the highest from the loved one. The mother loves her child most divinely, not when she surrounds him with comfort and anticipates his wants, but when she resolutely holds him to the highest standards and is content with nothing short of his best. The immortality of love shines in a home, not when blindness shuts the eyes of the mother and wife, but when the clear-sightedness of her love reveals itself in the greatness of her demands and expectations. It is a fable that love is blind: passion is often blind, but love never. They who love are sometimes blind to the faults of those for whom they care, but not because they love them. When love has its way, it grows more clear-sighted as it becomes deeper and purer. Happy is the child to whom the love of a mother is a noble stimulus, and fortunate the man whose wife stands not for his self-satisfaction but for his aspiration—a visible witness to the reality of his ideal, and unflinchingly loyal not only to him but to it.

For love, being immortal, cannot rest in anything less than the immortal in another; it craves perfection because perfection is the sign of imperishableness; men gather up and carry the perfect things from century to century because these beautiful finalities of character, of speech, of art, of action, confirm its hope of immortality. He who truly loves is irreconcilable to faults in one whom he loves; they blur the vision which always lies in his soul, and in the beauty of which his heart finds undying freshness of devotion and joy of anticipation.

The wisdom of love, which is wise in exact proportion to its depth and self-realization, is shown in its exactions rather than in its indulgences. The ministry of consolation is divinely appointed, and love knows all its potencies; but love also knows that nothing is ever really lost in this world except opportunity; all other losses, however bitter, are for the moment. With this wisdom in its heart, love knows that it saves most when it saves life for those whom it loves; for life is not simple existence; it is growth, and things which come with growth. He loves me most who helps me to do and to be the best and the greatest in any human relation, not he who says the most comforting things to me when death has interrupted that relation. That fellowship, if it was true, will survive the touch of death; but if I have missed the heart of it by accepting something less than the best it had to offer, who shall call back the vanished years and restore the lost opportunity? I part from my friends, but I do not lose them; what I lose is the growth, the unfolding,

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the task, the vision, the chance of love in this present hour.

"Send some one, Lord, to love the best that is in me, and to accept nothing less from me; to touch me with the searching tenderness of the passion for the ideal; to demand everything from me for my own sake; to give me so much that I cannot think of myself, and to ask so much that I can keep nothing back; to console me by making me strong before sorrow comes; to help me so to live that, while I part with many things by the way, I lose nothing of the gift of life."

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The Spectator

During a recent visit to England the Spectator was the fortunate guest of an old college chum whose life-work has required him to settle in the old country. With sons and daughters born to him there, with a wife who possesses a true woman's gift for home-making and takes most kindly to the well-mannered, carefully trained English servants, what wonder that he has "snuggled down" in the land of his forefathers? There were children of all ages in this Anglo-American family; they were especially interesting to the visitor, none the less so from their utter lack of forcing and their keen enjoyment of simple things. Notwithstanding her intense loyalty to her native land, the fair-minded mother was fain to admit that in comparing notes (and children) with the many of her countrywomen whom they had been delighted to entertain, the fact became clear to her that, in the endeavor not to "spoil" her children, her hands had been upheld by her surroundings in a way she could not have hoped for at home.

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This, however, is by the way, for the English public school and college in the case of the two elder boys (twenty years had slipped by since the parents crossed the Atlantic) had bred a total disgust for business life. This was made plain by the remark of one of them when told that a prosperous uncle had written that he could offer the lad an opening which might prove an excellent stepping-stone. "An office stool? oh, dad, I'd rather dig!" He meant it, too, for a normal Britisher's love for out-of-door sports begets at least a respect, if not an actual love, for out-of-door work. The boy's mother confided in the Spectator her sympathy with the poor, perplexed hen who found her brood taking to the water, while she, instead of following, could only "cluck, cluck," in alarm. Here, she said, are my boys eager to plunge into farm life, but even should they take to it as easily as ducks to water, where will they find women ready or willing to begin such a life with them?

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In his longing to give practical advice (for this offer from the uncle was not to be treated lightly), the Spectator remembered the vacant farms at home, and wondered where could be found a more practical solving of the problem than for young people whose education has taught them to long for country living to awaken these forsaken homes to life, and again to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. Just here we fell into a most interesting discussion. An intimate English friend who had dropped in to tea joined with great gusto. The latter declared that English women adapted themselves to country life, actually craved for it, as few of their American sisters do. He remembered, when visiting the "States," saying to a friend, "Do you really mean that you actually own two hundred acres within fifty miles of a great city? Yet you tie yourself down to business, herd in the elevated or surface trains, or swallow hasty breakfasts and rush to and from surburban stations." "Ah, my dear fellow!" was the reply, "I once dreamed of country life, but my wife detests it, except for a few months in the warm weather."

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The Spectator, too, has had his dream, but he looks to see his fulfilled, in a measure at least, by his children and grandchildren. "I saw in my dream" that the college training for which our American girls are, many of them, straining every nerve, sent them into every-day life not only with a mind well stored, but with hands deftly trained and a saving knowledge of sanitation, chemistry, and all domestic arts. Educated common sense has given the power of adapting what is

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at hand (or at least within reach), and the old farm-house is once more a comfortable home.

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Half a dozen young men with the right sort of wives could make such dreams a reality. Settling within driving or cycling distance of each other, here would be congenial society at once. After all, even in our large cities, it is only among a few families that we count our real friends, with whom we break bread in the spirit of true hospitality. The Spectator is ready to uphold the statement concerning land. One need travel no further and may find available farms yet nearer New York, for instance, than the distance mentioned. Within a short drive of numbers of picturesque villages may be found comfortable, roomy vacant houses, with once fruitful farms lying vacant. Many of these are on the beautiful bluffs overlooking Long Island Sound, and they prove by their history that some of the world's best workers have been sent out from them.

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In this part of Long Island one might easily imagine one's self in Connecticut, as the style in which the houses are built and the villages laid out here seems almost identical with that of those across the Sound. This, however, is accounted for when it is remembered that in early days brothers would build simultaneously near the shores, which approach so closely at this point that on a clear day houses are distinguishable with the naked eye from one shore to the other. These are comparatively large farms, and although the land is naturally good, capital must be forthcoming to restore it to its original fertility. In the middle of the island smaller farms call for less outlay; and the history of one of these, with but ten acres of land, proves what youth, health, and love can accomplish. Only sixty years ago a young Scotch couple settled here; after buying the land and building their home, they had mother earth almost alone to look to for a living. The farmers hereabout are proverbial for kindness, and the pair, while building, kept house in a cozy wing of the nearest neighbor. The men lent a hand at the raising of the new house, while the women helped the thrifty wife in adapting herself to new ways of living. Six children were born to the couple, and the bit of land, supplemented by an occasional day's work when the father helped his busier neighbors, supplied the means for bringing the little ones up to strong manhood and womanhood. A good district school gave a plain education and roused ambition for higher things. The two daughters, after each teaching for a year or two, married. Of the four sons, one is now a professor in a college, one a successful lawyer, and two are farmers on a larger scale than the father. Verily, "truth is stranger than fiction," and the Spectator dares give this bit of family history because he can point out the very spot of which he writes.

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From London to the heart of Long Island! We have wandered far to prove that green fields and pastures waiting to be renewed are not "the fabric of a dream," but that for the young man who would rather dig than mount an office stool lies land awaiting his spade. However, unless the young man aforesaid in his journeyings has met the woman educated as the helpmeet of such a man should be, and ready to face plain living with him, he had better return to dreamland. "His sisters and his cousins and his aunts" seem to the Spectator to appeal less to his sense of chivalry than when he was a lad. He likes, however, to think that the modern woman, when she is really in danger, is not all-sufficient to herself. It is told of a so-called "man-hater" that in her terror at finding herself and companions whirled madly behind a runaway horse she actually called on a "scarecrow" for deliverance, because, forsooth, it chanced to be dressed in the parson's old clothes. Tall and commanding, it stood in the meadow, and as the carriage full of frightened women dashed by, this man-hater (?) stood up, and, pointing afield with shaking finger, cried, "Call that gentleman, call that gentleman!" Alas, "clothes do not make the man," and this one, though dressed in high hat and broadcloth, was "no gentleman." As no one was hurt, the scarecrow became a family joke, a sort of first cousin to the skeleton in the closet, and in this guise the Spectator loves to dangle him to show that even in these days the mere semblance of a man suggests help in time of danger.

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Up from Slavery: An Autobiography[1]

By Booker T. Washington

Chapter XIII.—Two Thousand Miles for a Five-Minute Speech

SOON after the opening of our boarding department, quite a number of students who evidently were worthy, but who were so poor that they did not have any money to pay even the small charges at the school, began applying for admission. This class was composed of both men and women. It was a great trial to refuse admission to these applicants, and in 1884 we established a night-school to accommodate a few of them.

The night-school was organized on a plan similar to the one which I had helped to establish at Hampton. At first it was composed of about a dozen students. They were admitted to the night-school only when they had no money with which to pay any part of their board in the regular day-school. It was further required that they must work for ten hours during the day at some trade or industry, and study academic branches for two hours during the evening. This was the requirement for the first one or two years of their stay. They were to be paid something above the cost of their board, with the understanding that all of their earnings, except a very small part, were to be reserved in the school's treasury, to be used for paying their board in the regular day-school after they had entered that department. The night-school, started in this manner, has grown until there are at present four hundred and fifty-seven students enrolled in it alone.

There could hardly be a more severe test of a student's worth than this branch of the Institute's work. It is largely because it furnishes such a good opportunity to test the backbone of a student that I place such high value upon our night-school. Any one who is willing to work ten hours a day at the brick-yard, or in the laundry, through one or two years, in order that he or she may have the privilege of studying academic branches for two hours in the evening, has enough bottom to warrant being further educated.

After the student has left the night-school he enters the day-school, where he takes academic branches four days in a week, and works at his trade two days. Besides this he usually works at his trade during the three summer months. As a rule, after a student has succeeded in going through the night-school test, he finds a way to finish the regular course in industrial and academic training. No student, no matter how much money he may be able to command, is permitted to go through school without doing manual labor. In fact, the industrial work is now as popular as the academic branches. Some of the most successful men and women who have graduated from the institution obtained their start in the night-school.

While a great deal of stress is laid upon the industrial side of the work at Tuskegee, we do not neglect or overlook in any degree the religious and spiritual side. The school is strictly undenominational, but it is thoroughly Christian, and the spiritual training of the students is not neglected. Our preaching service, prayer-meetings, Sunday-school, Christian Endeavor Society, Young Men's Christian Association, and various missionary organizations, testify to this.

In 1885, Miss Olivia Davidson, to whom I have already referred as being largely responsible for the success of the school during its early history, and I were married. During our married life she continued to divide her time and strength between our home and the work for the school. She not only continued to work in the school at Tuskegee, but also kept up her habit of going North to secure funds. In 1889 she died, after four years of happy married life and eight years of hard and happy work for the school. She literally wore herself out in her never-ceasing efforts in behalf of the work that she so dearly loved. During our married life there were born to us two bright, beautiful boys, Baker Taliaferro and

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Ernest Davidson. The older of these, Baker, has already mastered the brick-maker's trade at Tuskegee.

I have often been asked how I began the practice of public speaking. In answer I would say that I never planned to give any large part of my life to speaking in public. I have always had more of an ambition to *do* things than merely to talk *about* doing them. It seems that when I went North with General Armstrong to speak at the series of public meetings to which I have referred, the President of the National Educational Association, the Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell, was present at one of those meetings and heard me speak. A few days afterward he sent me an invitation to deliver an address at the next meeting of the Educational Association. This meeting was to be held in Madison, Wisconsin. I accepted the invitation. This was, in a sense, the beginning of my public-speaking career.

On the evening that I spoke before the Association there must have been not far from four thousand persons present. Without my knowing it, there were a large number of people present from Alabama, and some from the town of Tuskegee. These white people afterwards frankly told me that they went to this meeting expecting to hear the South roundly abused, but were pleasantly surprised to find that there was no word of abuse in my address. On the contrary, the South was given credit for all the praiseworthy things that it had done. A white lady who was teacher in a college in Tuskegee wrote back to the local paper that she was gratified, as well as surprised, to note the credit which I gave the white people of Tuskegee for their help in getting the school started. This address at Madison was the first that I had delivered that in any large measure dealt with the general problem of the races. Those who heard it seemed to be pleased with what I said and with the general position that I took.

When I came first to Tuskegee, I determined that I would make it my home, that I would take as much pride in the right actions of the people of the town as any white man could do, and that I would, at the same time, deplore the wrong-doing of the people as much as any white man. I determined never to say anything in a public address in the North that I would not be willing to say in the South. I early learned that it is a hard matter to convert an individual by abusing him, and that this is more often accomplished by giving credit for all the praiseworthy actions performed than by calling attention alone to all the evil done.

While pursuing this policy I have not failed, at the proper time and in the proper manner, to call attention, in no uncertain terms, to the wrongs which any part of the South has been guilty of. I have found that there is a large element in the South that is quick to respond to straightforward, honest criticism of any wrong policy. As a rule, the place to criticise the South, when criticism is necessary, is in the South—not in Boston. A Boston man who came to Alabama to criticise Boston would not effect so much good, I think, as one who had his word of criticism to say in Boston.

In this address at Madison I took the ground that the policy to be pursued with reference to the races was, by every honorable means, to bring them together and to encourage the cultivation of friendly relations, instead of doing that which would embitter. I further contended that, in relation to his vote, the negro should more and more consider the interests of the community in which he lived rather than seek alone to please some one who lived a thousand miles away from him and from his interests.

In this address I said that the whole future of the negro rested largely upon the question as to whether or not he should make himself, through his skill, intelligence, and character, of such undeniable value to the community in which he lived that the community could not dispense with his presence. I said that any individual who learned to do something better than anybody else—learned to do a common thing in an uncommon manner—had solved his problem, regardless of the color of his skin, and that in proportion as the negro learned to produce what other people wanted and must have, in the same proportion would he be respected.

I spoke of an instance where one of our graduates had produced two hundred and sixty-six bushels of sweet potatoes from an acre of ground, in a community where the average production had been only forty-nine bushels to the acre. He

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had been able to do this by reason of his knowledge of the chemistry of the soil and by his knowledge of improved methods of agriculture. The white farmers in the neighborhood respected him, and came to him for ideas regarding the raising of sweet potatoes. These white farmers honored and respected him because he, by his skill and knowledge, had added something to the wealth and the comfort of the community in which he lived. I explained that my theory of education for the negro would not, for example, confine him for all time to farm life—to the production of the best and the most sweet potatoes—but that, if he succeeded in this line of industry, he could lay the foundations upon which his children and grandchildren could grow to higher and more important things in life.

Such, in brief, were some of the views I advocated in this first address dealing with the broad question of the relations of the two races, and since that time I have not found any reason for changing my views on any important point.

In my early life I used to cherish a feeling of ill will toward any one who spoke in bitter terms against the negro, or who advocated measures that tended to oppress the black man or take from him opportunities for growth in the most complete manner. Now, whenever I hear any one advocating measures that are meant to curtail the development of another, I pity the individual who would do this. I know that the one who makes this mistake does so because of his own lack of opportunity for the highest kind of growth. I pity him because I know that he is trying to stop the progress of the world, and because I know that in time the development and the ceaseless advance of humanity will make him ashamed of his weak and narrow position. One might as well try to stop the progress of a mighty railroad train by throwing his body across the track as to try to stop the growth of the world in the direction of giving mankind more intelligence, more culture, more skill, more liberty, and in the direction of extending more sympathy and more brotherly kindness.

The address which I delivered at Madison, before the National Educational Association, gave me a rather wide introduction in the North, and soon after that opportunities began offering themselves for me to address audiences there.

I was anxious, however, that the way might also be opened for me to speak directly to a representative Southern white audience. A partial opportunity of this kind, one that seemed to me might serve as an entering wedge, presented itself in 1893, when the international meeting of Christian Workers was held at Atlanta, Georgia. When this invitation came to me, I had engagements in Boston that seemed to make it impossible for me to speak in Atlanta. Still, after looking over my list of dates and places carefully, I found that I could take a train from Boston that would get me into Atlanta about thirty minutes before my address was to be delivered, and that I could remain in that city about sixty minutes before taking another train for Boston. My invitation to speak in Atlanta stipulated that I was to confine my address to five minutes. The question, then, was whether or not I could put enough into a five-minute address to make it worth while for me to make such a trip.

I knew that the audience would be largely composed of the most influential class of white men and women, and that it would be a rare opportunity for me to let them know what we were trying to do at Tuskegee, as well as to speak to them about the relations of the races. So I decided to make the trip. I spoke for five minutes to an audience of two thousand people, composed mostly of Southern and Northern whites. What I said seemed to be received with favor and enthusiasm. The Atlanta papers of the next day commented in friendly terms on my address, and a good deal was said about it in different parts of the country. I felt that I had in some degree accomplished my object—that of getting a hearing from the dominant class of the South.

The demands made upon me for public addresses continued to increase, coming in about equal numbers from my own people and from Northern whites. I gave as much time to these addresses as I could spare from the immediate work at Tuskegee. Most of the addresses in the North were made for the direct purpose of getting funds with which to support the

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school. Those delivered before the colored people had for their main object the impressing upon them of the importance of industrial and technical education in addition to academic and religious training.

I now come to that one of the incidents in my life which seems to have excited the greatest amount of interest, and which perhaps went further than anything else in giving me a reputation that in a sense might be called National. I refer to the address which I delivered at the opening of the Atlanta Cotton States and International Exposition, at Atlanta, Georgia, September 18, 1895.

So much has been said and written about this incident, and so many questions have been asked me concerning the address, that perhaps I may be excused for taking up the matter with some detail. The five-minute address in Atlanta, which I came from Boston to deliver, was possibly the prime cause for an opportunity being given me to make the second address there. In the spring of 1895 I received a telegram from prominent citizens in Atlanta asking me to accompany a committee from that city to Washington for the purpose of appearing before a committee of Congress in the interest of securing Government help for the Exposition. The committee was composed of about twenty-five of the most prominent and most influential white men of Georgia. All the members of this committee were white men except Bishop Grant, Bishop Gaines, and myself. The Mayor and several other city and State officials spoke before the committee. They were followed by the two colored bishops. My name was the last on the list of speakers. I had never before appeared before such a committee, nor had I ever delivered any address in the capital of the Nation. I had many misgivings as to what I ought to say, and as to the impression that my address would make. While I cannot recall in detail what I said, I remember that I tried to impress upon the committee, with all the earnestness and plainness of any language that I could command, that if Congress wanted to do something which would assist in ridding the South of the race question and making friends between the two races, it should, in every proper way, encourage the material and intellectual growth of both races. I said that the Atlanta Exposition would present an opportunity for both races to show what advance they had made since freedom, and would at the same time afford encouragement to them to make still greater progress.

I tried to emphasize the fact that while the negro should not be deprived by unfair means of the franchise, political agitation alone would not save him, and that back of the ballot he must have property, industry, skill, economy, intelligence, and character, and that no race without these elements could permanently succeed. I said that in granting the appropriation Congress could do something that would prove to be of real and lasting value to both races, and that it was the first great opportunity of the kind that had been presented since the close of the Civil War.

I spoke for fifteen or twenty minutes, and was surprised at the close of my address to receive the hearty congratulations of the Georgia committee and of the members of Congress who were present. The Committee was unanimous in making a favorable report, and in a few days the bill passed Congress. With the passing of this bill the success of the Atlanta Exposition was assured.

Soon after this trip to Washington the directors of the Exposition decided that it would be a fitting recognition of the colored race to erect a large and attractive building which should be devoted wholly to showing the progress of the negro since freedom. It was further decided to have the building designed and erected wholly by negro mechanics. This plan was carried out. In design, beauty, and general finish the Negro Building was equal to the others on the grounds.

After it was decided to have a separate negro exhibit, the question arose as to who should take charge of it. The officials of the Exposition were anxious that I should assume this responsibility, but I declined to do so, on the plea that the work at Tuskegee at that time demanded my time and strength. Largely at my suggestion, Mr. I. Garland Penn, of Lynchburg, Va., was selected to be at the head of the negro department. I gave him all the aid that I could. The negro exhibit, as a whole, was large and creditable. The

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two exhibits in this department which attracted the greatest amount of attention were those from the Hampton Institute and the Tuskegee Institute. The people who seemed to be the most surprised as well as pleased at what they saw in the Negro Building were the Southern white people.

As the day for the opening of the Exposition drew near, the Board of Directors began preparing the programme for the opening exercises. In the discussion from day to day of the various features of this programme, the question came up as to the advisability of putting a member of the Negro race on for one of the opening addresses, since the negroes had been asked to take such a prominent part in the Exposition. It was argued, further, that such recognition would mark the good feeling prevailing between the two races. Of course there were those who were opposed to any such recognition of the rights of the negro, but the Board of Directors, composed of men who represented the best and most progressive element in the South, had their way, and voted to invite a black man to speak on the opening day. The next thing was to decide upon the person who was thus to represent the Negro race. After the question had been canvassed for several days, the directors voted unanimously to ask me to deliver one of the opening-day addresses, and in a few days after that I received the official invitation.

The receiving of this invitation brought to me a sense of responsibility that it would be hard for any one not placed in my position to appreciate. What were my feelings when this invitation came to me? I remembered that I had been a slave; that my early years had been spent in the lowest depths of poverty and ignorance, and that I had had little opportunity to prepare me for such a responsibility as this. It was only a few years before that time that any white man in the audience might have claimed me as his slave; and it was easily possible that some of my former owners might be present to hear me speak.

I knew, too, that this was the first time in the entire history of the negro that a member of my race had been asked to speak from the same platform with white Southern men and women on any important National occasion. I was asked now to speak to an audience composed of the wealth and culture of the white South, the representatives of my former masters. I knew, too, that while the greater part of my audience would be composed of Southern people, yet there would be present a large number of Northern whites, as well as a great many men and women of my own race.

I was determined to say nothing that I did not feel from the bottom of my heart to be true and right. When the invitation came to me, there was not one word of intimation as to what I should say or as to what I should omit. In this I felt that the Board of Directors had paid a tribute to me. They knew that by one sentence I could have blasted, in a large degree, the success of the Exposition. I was also painfully conscious of the fact that, while I must be true to my own race in my utterances, I had it in my power to make such an ill-timed address as would result in preventing any similar invitation being extended to a black man again for years to come. I was equally determined to be true to the North, as well as to the best element of the white South, in what I had to say.

The papers, North and South, had taken up the discussion of my coming speech, and as the time for it drew near this discussion became more and more widespread. Not a few of the Southern white papers were unfriendly to the idea of my speaking. From my own race I received many suggestions as to what I ought to say. I prepared myself as best I could for the address, but as the eighteenth of September drew nearer, the heavier my heart became, and the more I feared that my effort would prove a failure and a disappointment.

The invitation had come at a time when I was very busy with my school work, as it was the beginning of our school year. After preparing my address, I went through it, as I usually do with all those utterances which I consider particularly important, with Mrs. Washington, and she approved of what I intended to say. On the sixteenth of September, the day before I was to start for Atlanta, so many of the Tuskegee teachers expressed a desire to hear my address that I consented to read it to them in a body.

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When I had done so, and had heard their criticisms and comments, I felt somewhat relieved, since they seemed to think well of what I had to say.

On the morning of September 17, together with Mrs. Washington and my three children, I started for Atlanta. I felt a good deal as I suppose a man feels when he is on his way to the gallows. In passing through the town of Tuskegee I met a white farmer who lived some distance out in the country. In a jesting manner this man said: "Washington, you have spoken before the Northern white people, the negroes in the South, and to us country white people in the South; but in Atlanta, to-morrow, you will have before you the Northern whites, the Southern whites, and the negroes all together. I am afraid that you have got yourself into a tight place." This farmer diagnosed the situation correctly, but his frank words did not add anything to my comfort.

In the course of the journey from Tuskegee to Atlanta both colored and white people came to the train to point me out, and discussed with perfect freedom, in my hearing, what was going to take place the next day. We were met by a committee in Atlanta. Almost the first thing that I heard when I got off the train in that city was an expression something like this, from an old colored man near by: "Dat's de man of my race what's gwine to make a speech at de Exposition to-morrow. I'se sho' gwine to hear him."

Atlanta was literally packed, at the time, with people from all parts of this country, and with representatives of foreign governments, as well as with military and civic organizations. The afternoon papers had forecasts of the next day's proceedings in flaring headlines. All this tended to add to my burden. I did not sleep much that night. The next morning, before day, I went carefully over what I intended to say. I also kneeled down and asked God's blessing upon my effort. Right here, perhaps, I ought to add that I make it a rule never to go before an audience, on any occasion, without asking the blessing of God upon what I want to say.

I always make it a rule to make especial preparation for each separate address. No two audiences are exactly alike. It is my aim to reach and talk to the heart of each individual audience, taking it into my confidence very much as I would a person. When I am speaking to an audience, I care little for how what I am saying is going to sound in the newspapers, or to another audience, or to an individual. At the time, the audience before me absorbs all my sympathy, thought, and energy.

Early in the morning a committee called to escort me to my place in the procession which was to march to the Exposition grounds. In this procession were prominent colored citizens in carriages, as well as several negro military organizations. I noted that the Exposition officials seemed to go out of their way to see that all of the colored people in the procession were properly placed and properly treated. The procession was about three hours in reaching the Exposition grounds, and during all of this time the sun was shining down upon us disagreeably hot. When we reached the grounds, the heat, together with my nervous anxiety, made me feel as if I were about ready to collapse, and to feel that my address was not going to be a success. When I entered the audience-room, I found it packed with humanity from bottom to top, and there were thousands outside who could not get in.

The room was very large, and well suited to public speaking. When I entered the room, there were vigorous cheers from the colored portion of the audience, and faint cheers from some of the white people. I had been told, while I had been in Atlanta, that while many white people were going to be present to hear me speak, simply out of curiosity, and that others who would be present would be in full sympathy with me, there was a still larger element of the audience which would consist of those who were going to be present for the purpose of hearing me make a fool of myself, or at least of hearing me say some foolish thing, so that they could say to the officials who had invited me to speak, "I told you so!"

One of the trustees of the Tuskegee Institute, as well as my personal friend, Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., was at the time General Manager of the Southern Railroad, and happened to be in Atlanta on that day. He was so nervous about the kind of reception that I would have,

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and the effect that my speech would produce, that he could not persuade himself to go into the building, but walked back and forth in the grounds outside until the opening exercises were over.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Stories of the Montyon Prizes

By A. D. Savage

OUR newspapers flatter themselves that they far outdo the journals of other countries in the art of gathering news, yet who ever found them reporting the beautiful stories from life that are discovered every year and laid before the public in the reports on the *prix Montyon*? In the month of November, when the season is well under way in the city of Paris, the most illustrious literary company in the world, drawn from a people who more than any other in Christendom are endowed with felicity in the art of telling a story and putting a case, meet to hear one of their members read a paper that is full of the most touching stories of humble people who, pained at the sight of suffering, have labored for years to relieve it. These yearly reports, which have been made and presented in the French Academy regularly since the fall of Napoleon, form a mass of illustration to St. Paul's great burst of eloquence in praise of charity.

And what guarantees of interest are the names appearing at the head of these reports! M. Jules Lemaître was the reporter last year, M. Ferdinand Brunetière in 1899. In 1898 the commission was given to Pierre Loti; in 1897 to Henri Meilhac, but, as he died, M. Jules Claretie took his place. Halévy, the partner of Meilhac in the witty but indecent librettos of Offenbach's operas, had in 1894 written and read the report on the *prix de vertu*, and did it charmingly, with simplicity and feeling. In the work of reading, rereading, and sifting the documents submitted in competition to the Academy on behalf of these lowly heroes by the people of their neighborhood, these well-seasoned men of the world find themselves month after month drawing closer to nature. With melting hearts they for a season become like as little children and stand looking into the kingdom of heaven, till at last what they put in their report is a treasure of tender beauty. It was a prompting from the deepest part of our nature that whispered these words to Jules Lemaître for his opening sentence: "Gentlemen, there is one day in the year when the Academy is admonished to be humble."

The "rewards of virtue" are often a welcome occasion of pleasantry in France, although no one there confounds, as frequently happens in other countries, the "laureates" of the *prix Montyon* with the *rosières* of Salency, where the lord of the ancient manor crowns with roses year after year the most virtuous girl in the village—a custom which is said to go back almost to the days of Clovis. The goodness rewarded by the French Academy is not that which is called virtue in women and morality in men. It is charity, and miracles of charity; for the people "crowned" by the Academy are nearly always in the most humble walks of life, poor, often miserably poor; only now and then is a parish priest or a member of some sisterhood included. Monsieur Brunetière quotes from the deed by which M. de Montyon provided his *prix de vertu*: "The doers of the actions honored shall not be of a station above the middle class, and it is desirable that they be taken from the lowest classes of society." Moreover, only the most shining instances are honored, for the number of examples of beautiful devotion surpasses the amount of the resources at the disposal of the Academy.

Let us listen first to Pierre Loti. Admirers of the "Pêcheur d'Islande" will find in the report for 1898 their painful pleasure renewed in these touching stories from life touchingly told. And first let us read the story of the virtuous action of the Michaud sisters.

"They have both been blind from birth. Under their old thatch roof, on the floor of beaten earth, they began from babyhood to work like two good little fairies. While their parents tilled the ground and tended

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the orchard that gave them a bare living, they managed, hard as it was, to keep the pans and dishes clean, and even to cook the meals. At that time, which was the prosperous time of their life, everything in the cabin shone; on the plain, well-waxed shelves and tables the smallest articles were arranged with the greatest precision. When the neighbors were amazed at such beautiful order, the little girls naïvely replied, 'Why! if we were not careful to put the things back in the same place, how could we find them again? because we can't see.' The family lived thus almost happily until, about ten years ago, the father died, leaving the orchard to take care of itself, leaving the mother worn out with hard work and almost decrepit. At this juncture the officials in the mayor's office of the neighboring village thought they were doing a kind turn when they offered to place the widow in an asylum; but the thought of parting from their mother threw the two blind sisters into frightful despair. 'Later on,' they implored—'later on, if it absolutely must be. Let us first try to live together; *we will do all we can.*' And when I tell you what they did, you will believe I am drawing on my imagination. They learned to spin wool, and by dint of keeping up their practice until midnight (they had no need of lamps, you will remember) they succeeded in learning to sew well enough to make money, for kind-hearted people in the neighborhood gave them work. They learned to wash their own linen, sitting in front of the washtub by the side of an obliging neighbor, who told them when the things were clean enough or when a little more rubbing was needed. At first they had a goat, whose milk, together with bread, was their sole food, and the old mother had strength enough to take the goat out to browse along the roads while she herself gathered deadwood for the evening fire. After a while the poor widow became childish, but had the desire to wander as before along the roads, to the great anxiety of her daughters, who no longer dared to let go of her gown. 'Mon Dieu!' they would say, 'suppose she were to get lost, or fall into a ditch! How could we go to find her, when we have no eyes?' But now they are freed from this anxiety, for their mother is bedridden and has gone blind. And the two sisters are twice as tender to her whom they have never seen, and who can never see them. They work twice as hard, too, to procure what may soften her decline. They rack their brains to amuse her, they strive to keep her neat, and, what seems to me an adorable touch, when they change her linen they always piously warm the poor coarse shift in front of the flame made by a few dead branches for which they have groped in the woods. Never have they asked an alms, never has murmur or lament been known to pass their lips. Sunk in this night that never ends, groping and feeling about with their hands to aid this mother who also spreads her hands in equal darkness, they show only sweetness of temper, one may even say an invincible contentment."

Seeing that "the sœurs Michaud vegetated in a hamlet in an out-of-the-way corner of the Vermanche département du Cher," one may wonder how Pierre Loti knows all this. How does the French Academy first hear of these cases? Again Pierre Loti shall be our reporter; and let us notice what a penetrating and comforting remark on our weak human race he delivers in the course of his explanation:

"They are all unaware of the preciousness of their hearts. They have not solicited our votes,[1] far from it, and most of them will learn to-day for the first time, and with astonishment, that we have singled them out for distinction. They were made known to us, in the first instance, by public report, which makes so many mistakes in its hatreds, but so seldom goes wrong when the question is to thank and bless. The whole population of a village or a district or a suburb combines to tell us this in a letter covered with quaint signatures: 'There is a person here who is not like other people, who can do only good to everybody, who is a model of gentleness and goodness. We beg you, who reward goodness, to come and see.' Then the inquiry begins, with caution, in secrecy, in order not to alarm the candidate; and the inquiry nearly always reveals to us a beautiful life." This account we will supplement by the more formal report of a historian. The applications for admission to the

[1] Sainte-Beuve, who was the reporter in 1865, tells us that "the virtuous" are forbidden to offer themselves for the rewards.

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competition for the *prix de vertu* are usually made by the authorities of the candidate's place of residence. It is required that the application furnish a detailed history of the virtuous deed, and this deed is required to have continued for at least two years previously. The memorial, signed by leading persons in the place, is submitted to the mayor, who attests the signatures and certifies to the assertions of fact; he sends it to the prefect of the department, who, after adding any personal knowledge he may have of the case, forwards the budget *(dossier)* to the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy.[1]

In 1897 one of the largest awards was made to a circus woman, Mlle. Bonnefois, whose life is related at length by M. Jules Claretie. She was born in 1829 in the Department of the Rhone, the daughter of the village schoolmaster, who was also secretary to the village mayor. But the two salaries were not enough for the support of the family, so he became a strolling showman, and Mlle. Bonnefois began her calling of mountebank at the age of four. As they approached a village the little thing would put on pink tights, with gold spangles to hide the darns in the tissue. At the hour of closing the workshops for the day, she would go about the place in a cocked hat and other uniform of the *gardes françaises* of the eighteenth century, beating a drum; and when her father's puppet-show was set up in the square, she would mount the boards outside of the entrance and perform tricks to entice the people to enter. The German war found father and daughter in Paris (when a child she had lost her mother, then a stepmother, and a beloved stepmother too), and during the siege Mlle. Bonnefois attracted attention as a devoted nurse, who insisted on being sent to the front amid the fighting. After the war, to support her father, now grown feeble, she returned to her old life, but this time was herself a showman; first, with a second-hand panorama, and, when that wore out, with a brand-new diorama that cost five thousand francs. Both times she found it easy to borrow, so great was the esteem which she had inspired. Her father died, and, feeling lonelier and lonelier, she felt the need, as M. Claretie expresses it, of gathering a new family about her. She felt sorry for the neglected children of the people of the fairs in Paris—the show-people and the hucksters; she would teach them (these are her own words) that there is a God in heaven and twenty-six letters in the alphabet. She opened her school in 1892—she was now sixty-five years old—in her showman's wagon, "with twelve little mountebanks for pupils, boys and girls who learned to read between two acts on the trapeze." In four years the school grew to two hundred and seven pupils, the wagon having been exchanged for tents, and Mlle. Bonnefois having taken an assistant. It is a strolling school; tents, school furniture, and teachers follow the show-people in their roaming life through the outer boulevards and the suburbs, from the Ménilmontant festival to the festival at Vincennes.

But the virtuous action which M. de Montyon wished rewarded, when it is of the kind of Mlle. Bonnefois's, has something positive about it. There is hope, there may be progress. But there are benefactions bestowed on hopeless sufferers who can never be healed, who would be thankful to die, who perhaps long for death, but see the angel of mercy pass on to visit others who had not expected him. In these pitying ones who gather to their hearts those hopeless sufferers, abandoned by life and death together, it seems there is something painfully divine, like some poignant, ineffable music. No wonder that for our sakes Monsieur Claretie gives more than a column to Mlle. Bonnefois, and only a few lines to the poor tailor in the department of the Landes, so poor that, unable to support himself by his handicraft, he had to combine with it a little grocery. "He gave his youth to his paralytic father; the second part of his life he has given to his sons, who have been ataxic from infancy, one twenty-three and the other twenty-eight years old. He once supported his father, he now supports his sons. He had to dress, wash, carry his father; he has to put to bed, dress, wash, carry the sons." And there was the resource of the asylum to which this tailor-grocer might have had recourse! Well may the neighbors write of such a one to the French Academy,

[1] The Perpetual Secretary is the real head of the Academy. For each annual meeting a president, called "director," is chosen, and it is he that prepares and reads the report on the *prix de virtu*.

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"There is a person here who is not like other people."

And the next is from Pierre Loti's report, the story of "Émilie Aubert, of Provence, who converted herself into a huckster of vegetables and chickens at the gate of Marseilles, to supply the needs of a venerable dowager and her daughter, both invalids and destitute. Émilie Aubert was born to a position of comparative ease, the daughter of a country notary who had a small property, and no one could have foreseen for her such a fall and such dire want. When, losing all her fortune, she decided to enter, as governess, the family of the noblewomen whom she now supports by her exhausting trade, these ladies lived on the family estate whose name they bear, and whence they were afterwards driven by unparalleled misfortunes, it will soon be twenty years ago. So here are these three women to-day united in a common distress. And it is Émilie, the former governess, the only one of the strange trio who has her health and strength, who provides everything. Under the burning suns of summer, in the rains of winter, she wanders on foot through the villages to buy the vegetables which she sells again in the market of the city, to pay for the food and modest clothing of her dear mistresses."

Some of these people are insatiable. So François Jeudy, of whom M. Brunetière tells us. He breaks stone, mending roads in the department of the Vosges. With his meager wages he has reared three children, supports his mother-in-law, who is sixty-three years old, and has taken into his house and supports two feeble old women, one seventy-nine, the other eighty-three years of age.

Savers of life, those with whom it is a professional duty as well as those who have another calling in life, and faithful old servants, are among the classes crowned each year by the Academy. But it is before the old servant women that Pierre Loti bends lowest. And rightly so. To risk one's life for others in one heroic rush is noble indeed, but to give twenty years of living is still more wonderful. If we had the choice, who would not rather pack all the pain into one fierce ten minutes than spread it out into an endurance of thousands of hours for every year of twenty years?

"The old servant women!" Pierre Loti exclaims. "The Academy this year crowns eighteen,[1] who seem really characters from legends of saints, so do their self-abnegation and goodness put to shame our worldly selfishness. Mon Dieu, the story of all is about the same. In general they entered, when little more than children, some family whom misfortune later on has overtaken, and then they insisted on staying without wages in the service of their former masters; little by little they have given them everything—their petty savings, their strength, their healthy youth of the peasant girl, or even their beauty—for several were pretty, loved, desired, and they have sacrificed that also, dismissing worthy lovers who wished them for their wives. Some of them undertook to work feverishly every day at this or that crude or ingenious handicraft of their own invention, in order to bring home at evening a little money or a little food to their old masters, now grown feeble, who often also need medical care before going to sleep" (qu'il faut encore soigner et panser avant de s'en dormir).

In arranging the instances of devotion which he has selected for narration in the order, it would seem, in which he found them most touching, Pierre Loti has given the last place to those who, although their own life is one long stretch of endurance, devote themselves to helpless parents.

"So, this Eugénie Philippart, weak and deformed, brought up on charity until she was fifteen years old in an asylum kept by kind sisters. On coming out an aunt took her and taught her her own trade, which was ironing linen. Working together, they lived at first in not too great want. But soon the aunt found her eyes growing dim; for some time longer she was able to pass her iron over even surfaces, such as tablecloths and curtains which her niece spread on the table, and then she had to give up; she could no longer see. And now for twenty years she has been blind, affectionately cared for by her niece, who refused to let her go to the asylum. The niece works, she irons as much as she can, but her poverty increases every day, for, there is no doubt about it, her sight, too, is going; and then

[1] In 1899 there were between thirty and forty, M. Brunetière informs us.

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there are often, as she says, bad bits[1] in her work; she is losing her customers. But, depriving herself of everything, even of food, in order still to be able to make her old, blind aunt comfortable, she the while makes up and tells in sprightly tones innocent and pious little fibs to make her believe that calls for work are plenty, and that comfort is in the dwelling."

Let us turn to something less hopeless. It is of Mariette Favre, who, after being a servant for twenty years and having laid by a little sum of money, retired in order to devote herself to old people. The first she helped was an old blind beggar-woman whom she took into her own one room. Then an old paralyzed woman, all three living in the same room. In 1898 she had a household of more than fifty old women and old men, in buildings which she put up with money which she had begged. There is no endowment, so when there is not enough to eat she goes out and begs of those who have money. She still wears her servant's cap, and she has all the old people working at something—they till the garden, others cut wood, while the paralyzed who have to lie in bed all day long employ themselves with knitting.

Our last is of a country postman of Sornac in the Lozère, who feels constrained to make things better. Besides having saved a number of lives, he builds little bridges over the brooks in the mountains, where also he constructs refuges, makes roads, plants trees—no wonder the people of his township call him François Gorse the Philanthropist.

The originator of the "rewards of virtue" was M. de Montyon, in 1783, who was already well known as a philanthropist. He was of the *noblesse de robe*, and had inherited a large fortune from his father, who, like his son after him, was in the administration. The *prix de vertu* were suppressed by the Convention on the characteristic ground that "to crown persons who have only endeavored to come up to the standard of the perfect citizen was superfluous if not immoral." Since the time of the Baron de Montyon many others have followed his example, until in the year 1899 there were some twenty-three of these foundations, yielding 73,250 francs. The persons "crowned" numbered one hundred and thirty-eight.

At the annual public meeting the hearing of the report on the *prix Montyon* or *prix de vertu* is only half the business of the occasion. It is preceded by a report on meritorious books published during the preceding year, to which prizes have been awarded—a custom which has its source in a foundation left by the same M. de Montyon who founded the rewards of virtue. It is to this competition that French publishers refer when they advertise such and such of their publications as "crowned by the French Academy." Besides this fixed assembly in November the Academy has movable meetings, also public, for the reception of new members. The new member reads an address on the life and works of the departed Academician to whose chair he has succeeded, whereupon the "director" of the Academy appointed for the occasion replies with an address on two subjects, the predecessor and the successor. Thus, in a public meeting held December 24, 1897, M. Albert Vandal, elected to the place made vacant by the death of Léon Say, addressed the Academy on the life and writings of Léon Say, after which the Count d'Haussonville addressed a reply to M. Vandal on the life and writings of Albert Vandal, expressing thereupon his opinion of Léon Say. Seeing that the presentation of these reports on superior literary works and virtuous actions, and the addresses on the lives of men conspicuous for achievements in many fields, are notable occasions in the annual literary life of France, the Academy shows an indifference to publicity that is full of distinction in not publishing these transactions. There are no *comptes-rendus*. These works of art are left to the discretion of the daily press, and a newspaper here to-day is gone to-morrow. Thus indifferent to fame, the French Academy has included in its oblivion the interest of scholars and lovers of literature throughout the world. English may one day be the language of trade, but French is yet the chosen element of "winged words."

[1] "Des *malfaçons* dans son ouvrage"—an old-fashioned word.

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Why the Chinese Dislike Foreigners[1]

By Arthur H. Smith

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in China

IT is usual to distribute the foreigners in China into the general classes of Merchants, Officials, and Missionaries, to which within recent years has been added a fourth, called Promoters, meaning those who are the agents of "syndicates" or other organizations for exploiting the Empire by means of foreign capital. On account of the necessary relations between their aims and methods, it may be convenient to consider the first and the last class together. One of the most comprehensive treatments of the general subject under discussion was in a series of papers by the Rev. Gilbert Reid, later known as the pioneer in work for "the higher classes" in China, which was published, with the title "The Sources of the Anti-Foreign Disturbances in China," in Shanghai in 1893, much of which is as much in point now as when it was written.

Of all the foreigners in China, the merchant is the one least likely to excite hostility on the part of the Chinese. He comes expressly and only to trade, and the Chinese are by instinct and by practice traders "heaven-endowed." If there were no one to sell foreign goods to the Chinese, of whom could the Chinese buy? and after some hundreds of years of commercial intercourse the practical Chinese needs no argument to convince him that there are many articles produced abroad which, if not a necessity, are at least highly desirable. In regions where foreign trade is familiar to the people, there is probably very little animosity on the part of the Chinese toward those who are its agents. Many of them speak the Chinese language either imperfectly or not at all, so that their communication with the natives is mainly or solely through the well-known "comprador," whose functions may, perhaps, vary all the way from those of an intermediary merchant to those of a simple house steward. These indispensable buffers in Chinese commercial relations have their decided advantages, diminishing or at least distributing friction, and smoothing over a great variety of occasions of possible collision between the foreigner and Chinese, of many of which the foreigner is not improbably himself totally unaware.

The Chinese have exerted their phenomenal talents for business without being in the least aware that the processes are under the control of inexorable natural laws, and without a dawning comprehension of the truths of political economy. To them all silver which comes into the country is so much clear gain, and all silver which is taken out of it means so much dead loss. The idea of a real reciprocity, in which what is advantageous to one party may be in a different way not less so to another, is entirely alien to Chinese thought. The views entertained in Western lands in regard to what constitutes "progress" are radically different from anything to be found in China, where nobody knows or cares anything about "progress;" but even in the Occident the triumphal march of invention and economy is strewn with the wrecks of fortunes and of lives which have been blighted or extinguished by "improvements," by new "labor-saving inventions," and the like. In Western countries it is possible for one whose business has been ruined by an improvement, or an alteration in fashion, to take up something else which in time will do just as well; or, if he fail in this, "the heaven is high and the earth is wide," and there is still abundant opportunity for successful emigration in many different directions. But in China all is far otherwise. The artificer is able to do one thing only, and that, it may be, in a hereditary craft, for any other than which he is as little fitted as a fish for air-breathing. Matches from foreign lands, kerosene oil, with the lamps of diversified varieties, have displaced Chinese industries on a great scale, with social consequences which it is impossible to follow in detail. One reads in the reports to the directors of steamship com-

[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company, New York. Previous articles in this series by the author of "Village Life in China" and "Chinese Characteristics" will be found in the issues of The Outlook for October 27, December 8, 15, and 29 (1900), January 12 and 19 (1901).

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panies of the improved trade with China in cotton goods, and the bright outlook all along the coast from Canton to Tientsin and Newchwang in this line of commerce, but no one reads of the effect of this trade of expansion upon innumerable millions of Chinese on the great cotton-growing plains of China, who have hitherto been just able to make a scanty living by weaving cloth fifteen inches wide, one bolt of which requires two days of hard work, realizing at the market each five days only enough to enable the family to purchase the barest necessities of life, and to provide more cotton for the unintermittent weaving, which sometimes goes on by relays all day and most of the night. But now, through the "bright outlook" for foreign cotton goods, there is no market for the native product, as there has always been hitherto; the factors for the wholesale dealers no longer make their appearance as they have always done from time immemorial, and there is no profit in the laborious work of weaving, and no productive industry which can take its place. In some villages every family has one or more looms, and much of the work is done in underground cellars where the click of the shuttle is heard month in and month out from the middle of the first moon till the closing days of the twelfth. But now the looms are idle and the weaving-cellars falling into ruins. Multitudes who own no loom are able to spin cotton thread, and thus earn a bare support, a most important auxiliary protection against the wolf always near to the Chinese door. But lately the phenomenal activity of the mills in Bombay, in Japan, and even in Shanghai itself, has inundated the cotton districts of China with yarns so much more even, stronger, and withal cheaper than the home-made kind, that the spinning-wheels no longer revolve, and the tiny rill of income for the young, the old, the feeble, and the helpless is permanently dried up. Many of the innumerable sufferers from this steady advance of "civilization" into the interior of China have no more appreciation of the causes of their calamity than have the Japanese peasants who find themselves engulfed by a tidal wave caused by an earthquake or by the sudden or gradual subsidence of the coast. Yet there are many others who know perfectly well that before foreign trade came in to disturb the ancient order of things, there was in ordinary years enough to eat and to wear, whereas now there is a scarcity in every direction, with a prospect of worse to come. With an experience like this in many different lines of activity, the Chinese are not to be blamed for feeling a profound dissatisfaction with the new order of things.

It is out of the question for any candid examination of the sources of Chinese discontent with foreign trade to pass lightly over the sale of opium. There has been so much intemperate writing upon both sides of a grave and difficult question that it is hard even to mention it without incurring reproach from the one side or the other. For our present purposes a few lines are quite sufficient. Foreigners did not, indeed, introduce opium into China, but they enormously expanded its sale, and compelled its legalization against the wishes of the Chinese, who would in any case have used a certain amount of it, but nothing like the quantity to which they thus became rapidly accustomed. Some Chinese efforts to prohibit the growth and the use of this drug have been sincere, and others not so. The native article is gradually but surely supplanting the imported one, but the use of opium in China is indissolubly linked with the foreigner, even in its name ("foreign earth"). While the Chinese have become almost a nation of opium-smokers, the national conscience still exists, and vigorously protests against the habit which it is powerless to stop. Whoever examines the elaborate Report of the Opium Commission appointed by the British Government, together with the criticisms and comments upon the trade evoked thereby, cannot fail to perceive that there is a studied unwillingness on the part of many defenders of the trade to weigh the evidence, instead of prejudging it. The present Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, dismisses the whole subject in a few words, contemptuously denying that the Chinese cherish any hostility to foreigners on account of opium, any more than Englishmen hate France because the French make better brandy than their neighbors. It is easy to show that many of the most thoughtful Chinese in the Empire connect the decay of China and the general use of

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opium as cause and effect. The following pointed statement upon the subject is taken from a paper written by the Taotai of Soochow, who is in charge of the salt gabelle in that city: "From ancient times to the present day there has never been such a stream of evil and misery as has come down upon China in her receiving the curse of opium. . . . From the time that opium was first introduced into China until now, a period of over one hundred years, the number of deaths caused by it must mount up into the millions. Now, in China there are many among the upper classes who seem to be in ignorance concerning the true state of affairs, and are not willing to blame the Chinese for their fault in using opium, but ascribe the real cause of the trouble to the avariciousness of foreigners, and thus look upon them with hatred. Also, the ignorant masses having even intenser antipathy towards them, we continually see on every hand anti-missionary outbreaks and riots."

This passage is sufficiently explicit as to the Chinese hostility to the instruments of the national ruin. That the most intelligent men in China hold the strongest opinion as to the injury done by opium is easily proved, as, for instance, by the widely circulated and popular work of the celebrated Governor-General of the two Hukuang provinces, Chang-Chih-Tung, called "Learn," in which there is a chapter headed "Cast Out the Poison," from which the following paragraph is an extract: "Assuredly it is not foreign intercourse that is ruining China, but this dreadful poison. Oh, the grief and desolation it has wrought to our people! A hundred years ago the curse came upon us more blasting and deadly in its effects than the great Flood, or the scourge of the Fierce Beasts, for the waters assuaged after nine years, and the ravages of the man-eaters were confined to one place. Opium has spread with frightful rapidity and heartrending results through the provinces. Millions upon millions have been struck down by the plague. To-day it is running like wildfire. In its swift, deadly course it is spreading devastation everywhere, wrecking the minds and eating away the strength and wealth of its victims. The ruin of the mind is the most woeful of its many deleterious effects. The poison enfeebles the will, saps the strength of the body, renders the consumer incapable of performing his regular duties, and unfit for travel from one place to another. It consumes his substance and reduces the miserable wretch to poverty, barrenness, and senility. Unless something is soon done to arrest this awful scourge in its devastating march, the Chinese people will be transformed into satyrs and devils. This is the present condition of our country."

When the most respected and most influential Chinese in the Empire addresses to his own countrymen words like these, it is evident that there is behind them a profound conviction. While his Excellency is at great pains to show that the Chinese are themselves to blame for the ruin wrought by opium, it is certain that most Chinese connect the misery, degradation, and wreck wrought by this baleful drug directly with the Western lands through whose agency it became universally known, and that this fact has had an important influence in creating and, from the Chinese point of view, justifying hostility to foreigners. While no riot can be said to have had its origin solely through the use of opium, it is doubtful if there has ever been any outbreak in China against the men from beyond the sea which was not either started or promoted by opium-smokers at their places of resort, where the worst characters in every Chinese city, market town, and village are invariably attracted.

The principal Western innovations which foreigners are and have been interested in having introduced into China are steam navigation, telegraphs, railways and tramways, and scientific mining. What effect each of these adjuncts of modern civilization has had in the Chinese Empire up to the present time is an inquiry to which it may not be easy to give an adequate reply; nor is it necessary, since the essential question is not the actual results from the point of view of the student of political economy, but the light in which the matter is regarded by the people of China themselves. Steam navigation has been known for so long that it might be supposed to have become an integral part of Chinese social, mercantile, and economic life, as indeed it has. But wherever it has led to the discontinuance of the use of junks, as on the

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great Yangtzu River, or along the whole of the Grand Canal from central China to Tientsin, it has developed an antagonism which is not the less real because it ordinarily finds no vent for expression. The tenacity with which the remnant of the tribute rice fleet of junks, still making the slow, costly, wasteful, and useless journey to Peking from mid-China through the shallow channel of the Grand Canal, is cherished by the officials interested in the smuggling which it may be said to consist in and to exist for, indicates the bitter animosity with which hundreds of mandarins, thousands of their followers, and tens of thousands of boatmen (all of whom are direct sharers in the rich spoils of every trip) regard the steamships which execute the carrying functions on a thousandfold greater scale, in a minute fraction of the time, and at a nominal cost, with no damage to the Imperial revenue. The concessions granted within the past few years of the right to navigate the inland waters of China have awakened the most violent opposition, in many instances altogether neutralizing the anticipated benefits. Steam navigation on the upper Yangtzu, which has recently been begun after so long a period of struggle and against the most inveterate antagonism and accumulated obstacles, represents in itself the whole economic battle which the Empire is waging against the progress which is slowly being forced upon it. The ultimate benefits are assured, the triumph of steam everywhere may be held to be certain, but the people as a whole do not want it, most of them hate the sight of its appliances, and when the opportunity arrives exhibit their hostility in unmistakable ways. Against this tremendous current of antagonism the enlightened minority would never make any headway but for the support of the Government. When that support is withdrawn, vested interests and the democratic instincts of "the people" (always a powerful factor in all Chinese questions) show in acts of destruction in which direction their sympathies lie.

Telegraphs have always been associated by the Chinese with the Government, but their introduction was looked upon with suspicion, and has been regarded as a distinct grievance by the officials thus brought into immediate connection with and under the control of the central power at Peking, and felt as a vague peril to the peace of the land by the ignorant peasants, to whom the rusty rain-water dripping from the deoxidized wires is the exudation of supernatural blood, perhaps that of outraged "spirits of the air," boding ill to all near to whom it falls. It is not many years ago that the entire province of Hunan was reported to be a unit against the introduction of the accursed innovation within its bounds, the wires being cut and the poles sawed down or pulled up as often as they were erected. During the recent Boxer uprising the telegraph offices were among the first places attacked and destroyed, and this from a general instinct that they are hostile to China as it was and as it ought forever to remain.

Far more serious, however, is the introduction of railways, which within the past few years have been planned for, agreed upon, and in some cases actually begun, to go all over and through the interior of the Empire. From one point of view, "Fengshui," or Chinese geomancy, may be said to be a decadent superstition, but for practical purposes it still holds on its serene way undisturbed by the march of civilization or the pretensions of science. It is too weak of itself to block the progress of a railway, but it is strong enough to develop latent animosity into overt hostility when occasion arises. As in the case of steam navigation, wisdom and prudence would avoid most of the actual perils and would surmount the rest, but the potential conflict may at any moment become real. The belief, age-long and world-wide, that when any particularly difficult task is to be achieved it can be accomplished only by the sacrifice of human life, was exhibited anew in 1897 when the railway from Tientsin to Peking was about to be completed. When the Shanghai Cathedral was erected, the peasants and coolies throughout that part of China firmly believed that its foundations were laid on the bodies of Chinese infants to insure stability to the structure. When the Peking railway was built, it was in like manner supposed that not merely the piers of the bridge over the Peiho at Yangtsun, but all the sleepers throughout the whole eighty miles, were secured in the same manner. The excitement, which for a time was high, seemed wholly to die

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away, but no one is able to say what influence such superstitions have upon the subsequent actions of the "stupid people," who are able to bear grievous wrongs in comparative silence, but who suddenly flame out in a fury of vengeance when the matter is supposed to have been forgotten. At the introduction of every Chinese railway there is a fatal fascination about the rails, which are about the height of a Chinese pillow—often a mere support for the back of the neck only—so that in the dim light of the night the engineer may see before his swift-speeding engine a long row of brown forms, each stretched across the track with his head beyond the rails. On such occasions it has sometimes been necessary to run trains at "dead slow" for miles together. In the early days of the line to the Tangshan coal-mines there was a sort of market rate of thirty taels for Chinese killed by accident, but it was alleged that too many Chinese seemed disposed to "get a living" in this way, and a modification of the rules went into effect.

The boatmen in any Chinese port are a large class, and while they might appear to be an uninfluential one, their united remonstrances often have great weight, for no Chinese official wishes to have a popular uprising to deal with, the ultimate consequences of which no one can foresee, and which may be in many ways serious to himself. It has not yet passed out of recollection how, not many years since, Li-Hung-Chang, then Governor-General of Chili, was moved by the uproarious clamor of the Ningpo junk-masters to cancel the plans for a railway bridge at Tientsin, the piles for which had already been driven and had to be laboriously pulled up again—a humiliation for the most arbitrary Chinese in China, and a triumph for the vested interests even of sailors. Some years later, when the Yangtsun bridge was built, the railway movement had acquired much greater impetus, and no account whatever was taken of the numerous large and clumsy official house-boats which could not pass under it. Many of these vessels were quietly anchored at Tungchou when the bridge was laid across the piers, and had to be razeed at considerable expense, while their usefulness was destroyed. The innumerable house-boats plying on the Peiho thrown out of activity by the Peking railway, the countless two-mule carts plying between Tientsin and Peking, and the whole population of Tungchou, a city which bitterly fought the railway and was then ruined by its opening elsewhere, all furnished swarms of deadly foes to the concrete introduction of the ways of the West into the ways of the soporific East, just sufficiently awake to resent the intrusion.

Among the numerous reform measures proposed in the brief progressive period of 1898 was such a rearrangement of the methods of carrying the tribute rice to Peking as to prevent having a large part of it stolen *en route*. This threatened to reduce the city of Tungchou (which has owed its existence almost solely to this nourishing stream) to actual starvation, and as a fact the first blow at Fengtai was struck by a large delegation from the city, who, in company with others, wrecked the machine-shops, dismantled the engines, tore up the rails, and otherwise registered a practical protest against the new and inconvenient régime. It may be remarked in passing that one of the arguments employed in a memorial to the Emperor advocating railways many years since was that in the carrying of tribute rice they "would put an end to stealing by the crew." This is not unlikely, but experience shows that there is next to nothing about a Chinese railway which first or last is not liable to be carried off, even the semaphores disappearing after they have been up for perhaps twenty-four hours, thus reminding the Chinese that practical morality is by no means a matter of appliances.

There is an additional cause for popular hostility to railways upon which insufficient stress is generally laid. Many of the foreigners employed in the actual work speak no Chinese, and it is unquestionable that multitudes of the workmen have been shamefully maltreated during the progress of the work. This is said to have been the case with the Belgian management of the Luhan road, and in a marked degree with the German work in Shantung, and perhaps still more so with that of the Russians in Manchuria. The aggregate of all these hostile feelings is a formidable total, and when it is discharged in one avalanche the effect may well be to attract the attention of the world.

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Chang-Chih-Tung, like other Chinese, considers that "ceremony" is almost non-existent among Westerners—and no wonder. The typical "promoter" is a busy man of the world, who does not by any means come all the way to China "for his health." What he wants, he wants, and he wants it now. With his hat cocked upon one side, his cigar in his mouth, his hands in the pockets of his "monkey-jacket," he strides into a yamen and tells "the old fossil" what he—the promoter—just come to town, wants and must have. He will listen to no nonsense, will take no excuses, has no time to waste, perhaps issues his ultimatum and is off. He is engaged in the airy task of what Mr. Kipling calls "trying to hustle the East," and not improbably with the usual results. To the staid old conservative official, no matter how well disposed he may be, such a representative of the West seems a wild and untamable barbarian, the like of which he never saw before and never desires to behold again. Popular feeling cares nothing what the Government has or has not conceded. Like the Western promoter, it wants what it wants; and it does *not* want him. In one of the interior regions, when the Boxer rising became dangerous, a certain missionary had a narrow escape for his life, until he was able to prove that he was not the man who was going about stirring up the earth-dragon and spoiling the divine influences of the land with his threatened iron road for the fire-wheel carts.

The discerning reader will perceive that the Chinese has much to say for himself when he unconsciously utters the plaint which means, if it does not claim, "China for the Chinese." In the stealthy and mysterious progress of the Promoter of Enterprises he rightly discerns a political agent; for every railway means bonds, and bonds mean money, and money is the life of the land, and the more of it sent away the more anæmic the Empire will be.

To foreign mining of all sorts the antipathy is intense and apparently invincible. Every one of the inevitable accidents intensifies it, and there is scarcely one of these promising "openings" which may not at any moment become a grave for the man who digs it. Uneasy lies the head which plans a mine.

And with these views, held with every degree of distortion and rehearsed in the hearing of every Chinese day by day with varied iteration, it is not singular that we have a well-laid train which may at any moment produce an explosion of a magnitude hitherto unexampled. Taking all the complex factors into account, the wonder rather is that the explosion has not come long ago.

The Sulu Archipelago[1]

By Phelps Whitmarsh

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in the Philippines

THE interior of the island of Jolo gives one the impression that at some distant time it was cleared and planted for an immense park, and that, by special dispensation, it had been given a climate of eternal spring. Fresh, eye-delighting green, such as the slopes and sweeps of *lallang* grass afford, is not to be found in the more northern islands, where forests of more somber greens prevail, except it to be at the season of growing rice; and even then the flat artificiality of the fields cannot be compared with the wilder landscape of Jolo, broken everywhere with clumps and copses and little forests of, for the most part, fruit-bearing trees. Among these the mangosteen, the durian, the horse-mango, and the stately baluna are most prominent.

On the well-worn trails which run throughout the island I met all classes of Moros—mountaineers and water-people, Datus and slaves, but Moros only; for at that time I was the only white man, except the Schücks, permitted to roam at will outside the walled town. In all cases the men and boys were armed with a kris or barong, while I went without even a revolver, yet at no time was I treated with anything but that stolid indifference which to the Moro means friendliness. Most of the women I met were mounted on native ponies, bullocks, or carabaos, and were

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bound for some native market, many of which are held on certain days in shady spots in the woods quite remote from villages or habitations, but which by common consent have become half-way meeting-places. The Moro woman on horseback, sitting astride a carved wooden saddle, with her big toes only in the sliding rope stirrups, her knees almost up to her nose, her face and body swathed in a bright jabul, and a little peaked hat with colored tassels perched on her head, is a queer-looking object. How she manages to keep her seat is one of the many Philippine mysteries. The Moro jabul, as a garment of many uses, deserves a short description. In form the jabul is nothing more complicated than a long strip of cloth, some three to five feet in width, with the ends sewn together—a wide circle of cloth, in fact. With many of the women and all of the young girls it is the only garment worn, and is then either held up in the wearer's hands or insecurely kept under the arms by the slack being thrown across one shoulder. With the richer Moras, who also wear baggy trousers and tight bodices, the jabul is sometimes used as an overskirt, sometimes as a shawl, and again as a head-covering. With it the Moro mother straps her baby on her back, wipes her own face or the baby's nose, carries her marketing, and fans herself; at night it serves both as a nightgown and a blanket. The jabul, indeed, is more adaptable than any single article of clothing with which I am familiar; it only needs one thing—washing.

All over the country, without reference to place apparently, I found Moro burying-grounds. Their position was invariably marked by clumps of calasuche-trees, the odorous white and yellow blossoms of which ever fall upon and decorate the graves. The Malays call this blossom "Bunga orang sudah mati," or dead man's flower. The graves, unlike our own, are long, flat beds, made in precisely the same manner as those which the Chinese market-gardener forms, though rather wider and higher. Each family has its own bed, and as the members die they are laid side by side with their heads pointing toward the east. Everywhere, too, I came across old trails, some of them cut a foot or more deep, and forming a regular network of paths all over the island. These things, I think, confirm the general belief that Jolo, and, indeed, the whole Sulu archipelago, were once very densely populated. Tradition has it that at some remote period the islands were in turn visited by drought, famine, pestilence, and fire, and that in consequence a large part of the survivors emigrated to Borneo, Palawan, and Mindanao. This tradition seems to be borne out in many ways.

In my rambles it seemed to me that the island was unusually rich in bird life, though not so much in variety as in numbers. The large yellow and black oriole, common, I believe, to all the Philippines, was most observable; and I noted king-fishers, blackbirds, hornbills, curlews, white rice-birds, hawks, nightjars, and a bird resembling a pheasant. Butterflies were also numerous, and at night the mango-trees near the house swarmed with fruit-bats, whose raucous cries often kept me awake. One, which I shot later in Mindanao, measured three feet six inches from tip to tip, and had a body about the size of a cat. Deer and wild hogs are common throughout the group; the latter particularly in Tawi-Tawi.

In an agricultural way the Moros do very little. Small quantities of maize, tapioca-root, camotes, and tobacco for chewing, are the only farm products. Their rice is imported, as is also their smoking tobacco, which is Chinese, and most of the materials for making clothes. The Moro is in reality an aquatic nomad, and as such is a born fisherman. With the greater part of the Suluan Moros fishing is their only occupation and fish their chief article of food. Part of the Moro's catch he barters at the markets for camotes and other necessaries; and at certain seasons he prepares for a rainy day by laying up a store of dried fish. As far as his needs go, the Moro is independent of the outside world; for, unlike the Christian Filipino, he can live without rice. His luxuries are supplied by the sale of pearls, pearl-shell, bêche-de-mer (Holothuria), and sharks' fins; all of which are exported by Chinese and serve to keep an even balance of trade. At this time the population of Jolo is probably in the vicinity of twenty thousand souls, while that of the entire archipelago cannot be more, I should think, than one hundred and fifty thousand. Of these perhaps ninety

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per cent. live on the coast, their towns for the most part being built out over the water, sometimes a mile or more from shore, though not a few of these Bajaus or sea-gypsies live in their vintas and move in fleets from one fishing-ground to another.

From Jolo the little transport Bolinao carried me down the archipelago some forty miles to the town and island of Siassi, which is the principal market for Sulu products and the center of Bajau life. The town borders the narrow strait which runs between Siassi and Lapak; and, by reason of its charming surroundings, its picturesque water population, its purely native character, and what I may call its naturalness, it is much more interesting than the artificiality of the town of Jolo. In the morning, when the strait is full of Moro craft, with striped sails bellying and colored tassels flying, when the waterside is banked six deep with vintas and the voice of the gay-colored Mohammedan crowd goes up in one continuous hum, one feels, as in no other place, that one had indeed reached the end of the Philippines, or perhaps overrun them and entered the dominions of some Malay Rajah. But although the Moro element is everything in Siassi, there are still a few reminders of Spanish sovereignty and taste in the small white fort immediately behind the town, the walks, the garden, the little soldiers' church, and the avenues of alternate palm and hibiscus. Nor must I forget to mention the sign, for that, I think, is unique. It stands at the end of the wharf facing the strait, painted on the front of the elevated sentinel-box. Here, in large, florid letters, the word "Siassi" stands out, for all the world like a sign of a suburban railway station. It is said that, in the past, a supply ship sent to the garrison of the town passed through the strait without finding Siassi, and, later, returned to Manila with the report that it was not there. The irate captain of the garrison immediately ordered the sign painted, so that future mariners with poor eyes and bad charts might know the place when they saw it.

At Siassi, thanks to the tact and common sense of the commanding officer, Captain S. Seay, the large Moro population was exceedingly friendly, and I found no difficulty or danger in going where I pleased. Captain Seay's success in allaying the suspicions of the Moros and gaining their confidence is an object-lesson which proves the advantage of allowing the natives to enter the town freely, to retain their arms, and come in contact with Americans. Personal contact both with Moros and pagans is the first step to be taken in bringing about their civilization.

While in the Philippines I had often thought that the ideal way to see the southern islands would be to hire a small steam launch or yacht and go a-cruising, regardless of garrisoned towns, transports, maritima boats, or time. At Siassi, for the first time, I saw the possibility of putting my thought into practice, at least in part, and I took advantage of it. My yacht, however, was nothing more than a new Moro vinta, equipped with a gorgeous red and white sail, a nipa awning, and a crew of four men, all of which, thanks to Hadji Usmen, I hired for the sum of two dollars Mexican per day. As my boat was the property of a small Datu, it was more handsomely carved about the stern and more carefully finished generally than an ordinary vinta, but in all other respects, such as the fish-tail bow, the log body, the bent hardwood carrier for the batangas, and the narrow deck, it was the same. The Moro alone in all the Philippines has succeeded in making a dugout into a boat which at once combines strength, quaintness, beauty of line, and sailing qualities. Besides the crew, I took an interpreter and body-servant by the name of Mohammed, who got himself up for the occasion in a red fez, a yellow jacket, and a pair of green crêpe trousers. A silk sash wound many times round his waist held in place a kris of unusual length, which he told me, with great pride, had killed eight men without having once been nicked. He and the boatmen, who were also armed, were willing, nay anxious, to fight any bad men we might meet on the way. As for myself, I decided to go unarmed; not from any feeling of bravado, but because it was safer. A good rifle is more prized by the Moro than any other thing; and as the Bongao tragedy proved, it is not always wise to put temptation in the Moro's way.

With a swift tide in our favor and a sea like glass we slipped out of the strait one morning, heading for the shallow inland

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sea which is formed by the many islands of the Siassi group. A stream of vintas, hugging the mangroved shore, passed us on their way to market with fish, pearl-shell, and firewood. The still air resounded with the click of paddles and the murmur of voices. The Moro boatman has a trick of bringing the handle of his paddle down on the opposite side of the boat after each stroke, and thus the crew keep perfect time. As soon as we were clear of the strait, Bajau villagers became visible all round the horizon, strangely distorted and enlarged by the mirage. Some seemed to float in the air, others were heightened until they looked as though they were built upon piles one hundred feet tall; a distant vinta hauled up for repairs on two forked poles appeared like a stranded ship, and everything shimmered and swam in the hazy atmosphere with an air of unreality; we were already on the fishing-grounds, and the calm of the inclosed sea was disturbed by hundreds of boats drifting over the shallows, with a sharp-eyed spearman poised in the bow or setting cane traps in the deeper water. There were a few boats towing weighted wooden rakes along the bottom—dredging for pearl oysters—and others being slowly paddled about, with their occupants peering down into the clear water ready to plunge in head first at the sight of a shell. Occasionally a Datu's boat, its owner lolling lazily upon the cushions under his awning, went by with an air of business and a splash of color; and now and then a monster sting-ray flung its black bulk clear of the water, or a flying-fish got up before us and skimmed away, or a stray sea-bird flapped by with a doleful note. Black and gold sea-snakes basking in the warm upper current were common sights, and once the rigid dorsal fin of a shark left a V-shaped wake on the mirrored surface. The crowned peak of Siassi, now behind us, looked like a many-hued emerald set in a sphere of liquid purple.

About noon we approached the village of Sibalang—a long string of crooked-legged dwellings built on the curving edge of a sand-bank, fully a mile from shore. At low water there was still a foot of water under the houses, and at high water perhaps four feet; but at all times there was at least a space of three feet between the water and the floor of the houses. As we drew near, the sound of children's voices, like a school at recess, filled the air, and by the time we ranged alongside this water-street the sound had grown to a perfect din. Children, naked and brown, dry or dripping, were swarming about the piles, playing in the water, clambering over the houses and boats, and perching everywhere. I could not help contrasting these happy, boisterous little savages with the Christian children of Luzon and the Visayas, whom I have never seen play, except at such games as throwing coppers, or with shells. As we paddled slowly along to the house of the Panglimah, or captain, I had the awning rolled back so that I might take a few snap-shots; and at once I and my camera became objects of absorbing interest. The news ran from house to house like wildfire, and soon the front platforms of the village were black with people curiously watching the white man. What astonished me most was the numbers, for I did not know then that a Moro roof often covers thirty or forty heads. The houses, for the most part, were low-roofed, tumble-down affairs thatched with leaves of the cocoa-palm, and having plaited sides of the same material. The Panglimah's house, however, had wooden sides, and a broad ladder to enter by instead of the usual notched pole.

The long, dirty interior was lighted only by the doors and the openings between the narrow strips of cocoa-palm which made the floor. These strips were so far apart that I was in constant fear of falling through when I stood up. On one side of the house a low partition ran out, perhaps six feet, and formed what I afterwards found to be a family line. The other side was evidently free to both families, and had a common fireplace of coral-rock in the center. Overhead the sooty beams were stacked with masts and sails, dredges, nets, and dried fish, while on the walls hung two modern rifles and a goodly array of barongs and krises.

At last my host, now a very rainbow of color, came and squatted before me and shook hands. I told Mohammed that all I wanted was something to eat; but Moro manners, he said, prevented him from asking for it so soon, and I was obliged to sit exchanging compliments with the

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Panglimah for a full hour. He was a large-framed man, about fifty years of age, with a strong but cruel face much pitted with smallpox. Protruding black teeth and an upper lip shaved clean save for a little spike of hair at each corner of his mouth gave him at once a repulsive and a fierce appearance. He treated me cordially, however, and in due time one of his wives brought us tea in a Chinese pot, and a variety of little cakes. The latter were a mixture of rice, flour, and sea-water fried in fish-oil, and were, without exception, the knottiest, most indigestible things I have ever eaten. They were served, to my surprise, in an elaborately chased brass tray of Chinese manufacture —an exaggerated card-tray, I may call it. After I had worried down three of these cookies I made rather a hurried departure, I fear, for, being hungry, I might have eaten a fourth. Further along the village I ordered Mohammed to buy some fish and rice, which he cooked over the earthen fire-pot in the boat.

In the afternoon a fresh breeze sprang up from the southwest, and my crew hastened to take advantage of it. The mast was a bamboo tripod. The forward leg, which was fastened by a wooden peg in the boat's bow, took the place of a forestay; the remaining legs were pinned down on each side of the gunwale, and thus acted as rigging. A more ingenious contrivance would, I think, be hard to find. The sail was hoisted lug-fashion by means of a dumb sheave at the mast-head, and it carried an unusually long boom, also of bamboo, which on a wind was lashed down to the bow. Guys of gaff and boom-ends completed the rig. The Moro vinta, like the Iloilo baroto, carries an enormous spread of canvas. No sooner was the sail unrolled than three men climbed out to windward, and we went flying over the smooth sea at a clean eight knots an hour. Such an exhilarating sail I have not had for many a year. It was already dusk when we reached Manabol, where we intended to pass the night; but, notwithstanding the uncertain light, the watchful waterfolk had spied the strange vinta, and gathered on the beach in a crowd of several hundreds to meet us. For a few moments after I stepped ashore the situation looked somewhat ticklish, as several of the men were suspicious of me, mistaking me for a Spaniard. They closed in about me, peering into my face and making threatening gestures. Mohammed and the crew, however, quickly formed a circle about me, with their knives unsheathed; and we slowly edged our way toward the house of a Maharajah whom Mohammed knew. Fortunately, the distance was but a short one. The Maharajah met us opposite his dwelling, and a few words from him instantly quieted and dispersed the crowd. Once we were inside, he drew in the notched pole which connected his house with the shore, and thus shut out any unwelcome visitors.

After a pile of mats had been placed for me and my shoes removed, chewing materials and cakes were brought; but one experience with Moro cakes was sufficient, and as I saw that preparations were being made for a meal, I said I would wait and eat with the family. This, however, was not to be thought of; as a white man and a guest I must eat first and alone. Accordingly, with forty-eight pairs of eyes by actual count watching my every movement, and a naked boy on each side of me holding a cocoanut-oil lamp, I went through the ordeal. Two kinds of camotes, fish cooked over the coals, and some baked turtle-eggs were the edibles, and cocoanut-water the beverage. Eating, with the Moro, is a necessity, not a pleasure. Frugal in the extreme, he neither feasts, in our sense of the word, nor, as a rule, indulges in tea, coffee, or any kind of stimulant. For these reasons the Moro has a store of vitality which, in comparison with the white race, is extraordinary. The Maharajah's house was similar to the one I visited at Sibalang, though it was divided into three parts instead of two, and held a correspondingly large family. It was betel-stained and filthy, and had the peculiar Moro smell mingled with that of fish. With the exception of the Maharajah's favorite wife, both men and women were nude to the waist, and it was evident that the blessing of soap and water was not known to the household. About ten o'clock preparations were made for the night. These consisted wholly in unsheathing the row of Moro blades which hung on the wall, and in bringing out four rifles which during the day had reposed in hollow bamboos to keep them from rusting. All these arms were in

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splendid condition, and the knives, thirteen in all, were as handsome a lot as I had seen. One kris had a verse from the Koran inlaid in silver upon the blade. Upon inquiry I found that the Datu of Manabol and the headman of another village were enemies, and that an attack might be made any night. Truly a delightful condition in which to live, yet it seems to be common to all the Moros. Before going to bed I had my mats placed in the doorway facing the sea, so that I might get a little fresh air. Then Mohammed stretched himself at my feet; the family dropped one by one upon the floor, usually without mat or pillow, and the household slumbered.

Such is a sample day of my brief cruise among the Bajaus. Before returning I visited the villages of Sangat, Malang-gas, Seband, Lame-Nasah, and Tarak.

The Bolinao, with General Kobbe and my good friend Major C. Stanton aboard, picked me up at Siassi and carried me down to Bongao, which is a small island adjoining Tawi-Tawi, and the most southerly point in the Philippines occupied by American troops. On a clear day Borneo can be seen from the western side of the island. Bongao has no native town, but is merely a military post established by the Spanish in 1882. The Moros of Tawi-Tawi and thereabout are a wilder and more unruly people than those of the more northerly groups, and their features are of a slightly different cast. It is probable that they have mixed considerably with the Dyaks of Borneo. I was astonished to find that some of them still carry on a petty system of piracy. Captain Cloman, commanding Bongao, had, indeed, recently captured two praus from these sea-robbers. Pearl-fishing has been carried on in these waters by the natives for centuries; at the present time an English company is testing the grounds with dress-divers and a fleet of five luggers. The shell is remarkably fine, almost free from borers, and large. If, as is probable, the industry proves to be an important one, it should be protected, as are the fisheries of Australia, Ceylon, and elsewhere. At Bongao, fleets of the Bajaus who live wholly in their boats may be seen. As a class they are a simple, pacific folk with little knowledge and few practices of Islam. Men and women wear their hair long; they live almost entirely upon fish, and are as nearly amphibious as human beings can be.

The origin of Mohammedanism in Sulu, by whom it was introduced and when, is still an unsettled question, but it is probable that it was brought into the most westerly part of the archipelago first, and by Arab traders. This theory is substantiated somewhat by a grave on Tawi-Tawi in which, tradition says, the first teacher of the religion was buried, and also by the fact that the Suluan language is a mixture of Arabic, Sanscrit, and Malay. But, be this as it may, the Mohammedanism of the Moros is in some ways little more than a name. They observe it strictly in the avoidance of swine-flesh, and will eat neither fowl nor flesh that has not been killed in the orthodox way by a priest. I have been told, moreover, that during the days of Ramadan (Lent) they fast rigorously from sunrise to sunset, and refrain from smoking, chewing, and all kinds of pleasure, even to kissing their children. In other respects, however, the tenets of Mohammed seem to be a dead letter, for I have never yet seen a Moro pray or wash himself, both of which the Koran commands shall be performed several times a day. It is generally believed, nevertheless, that the religion of the Moro is deeper and stronger than it appears on the surface, and that in case of a religious war the whole race would rise. The Sultan, in spite of the fact that any one of a number of Datus wields more influence and power than he, is the recognized head of the church, and as such he must be reckoned with. Were he to declare war against America on any ordinary grounds, he would certainly find many of those whom he calls his subjects against him; but if his declaration were made in the name of the Prophet, it is at least possible that he would be upheld not only throughout the Sulu archipelago but by the half-million or so Mohammedans in Mindanao. One reason why the Moros are now so friendly is that they do not believe the Americans are Christians.

The Moros have a government and laws of their own, which, though unwritten and from our standpoint crude, are not by any means all bad. Certain it is that the law in cases of theft is neither uncertain nor slow, as the following incident told me by

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an American officer who was an eye-witness will show. Eight Moros from another island came into Jolo one day. On their way in they robbed a fish-weir in the harbor, and were caught in the act. They were taken before the native Hahkim or magistrate, the case proved against them, and sentenced to death. Without delay they were led to the bench and chopped down, their bodies being left to be carried out by the tide.

Of my short trip through the Sulu archipelago I have many pleasant memories, and, as I look back, many odd little scenes come before me. One vivid picture is of a Moro wedding I attended. In a dim interior, crowded with armed and brilliantly dressed people, a little girl not more than twelve years of age sat cross-legged and motionless upon a cushion. She was the bride. Her face was whitened with rice-flour, her lips were reddened, and her eyebrows were painted together and enlarged after the fashion of a Chinese doll. In front of her a few beeswax candles were burning as though before a shrine, and in the yellow, flickering light she looked like nothing so much as a youthful statue of Buddha. In one corner of the place an aged Mora was drumming a few monotonous notes upon the *culingtangan* a series of small gongs in a wooden frame), while behind her three men thumped a deafening accompaniment upon two *agongs* and a *boa*. To this strange gong-music several women danced upon mats spread in the center of the floor—a dance which consisted mainly in posturing with the hands and arms. Cakes, chewing materials, and rice wrapped in green banana-leaves were constantly passed round. The odor of Chinese tobacco permeated the place. Already the white-robed pandita had performed the ceremony, and the boy groom had taken off much of his finery; but the pair were not to live together until, according to custom, the festival had continued for three days.

Many views have I of Sulu's ever-summer sea, of the green, monsoon-swept isles which bask in its shallow waters, and of the beauteous gardens beneath its surface. Many an hour have I spent with my head over the shady side of my vinta gazing down into those sunless conservatories passing in endless panorama fathoms below the keel. My recollections, indeed, form themselves into a series of pictures more novel, more varied, and more rich in color than those I have of any other part of the Philippines.

Problems of Expansion[1]

THESE three books deal with the same general theme—the new world-conditions of this beginning of the twentieth century. The first book is scientific and academic; the author is not the advocate of any theory; he is an expounder rather than an interpreter of facts. The second is commercial and economic; it is distinctly American, but it treats America's present and future from the purely economic point of view; it considers what self-interest rather than what duty requires. The third is equally American, but it is distinctively ethical; it is written by one who believes in the divine direction of human history, and who attempts to interpret that divine direction. That he reaches from that point of view substantially the same result as Professor Adams, who considers the same problem from the economic point of view, is interesting; that he is confirmed in his general view by the results of Professor Reinsch's scientific studies of world-politics is instructive. It is true that there never has been a nation which did not think the Lord to be on its side; it is true, therefore, that the attempt to interpret the divine purpose in contemporaneous history is always perilous. But it is also true that when three careful and wholly independent observers of current events reach substantially the same conclusions, though their approaches are so different, those conclusions are entitled to careful consideration.

The world-tendency of the present epoch

[1] *World Politics.* By Paul S. Reinsch. The Macmillan Company, New York.
America's Economic Supremacy. By Brooks Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Expansion under New World Conditions. By Josiah Strong. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

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is clear, even if somewhat complicated: a tendency toward national expansion, imperialism, colonialism—call it what you will—illustrated by the recent history of England, Germany, Russia, and now of the United States, less successfully essayed by the only aggressive Latin nation, France; and a tendency toward internationalism, illustrated by the partial co-operation of the European Powers, by the growth of arbitration, and by the international treaty at The Hague. Behind both tendencies is the almost irresistible force of a commercial and industrial growth to be attributed partly to the rapid increase of productions due to machinery and industrial organization, the consequent necessity for new markets, and the awakening of immense populations to needs before unrealized, which will eventually furnish this market. The history of this development of supply and demand and its effect on world-politics forms the theme of Professor Reinsch's book.

Professor Brooks Adams might almost be said to begin where Professor Reinsch stops. His theme is indicated by the title of his volume; the position of America and the tendency of current events combine to assure America of economic supremacy if she is wise to see and take advantage of her opportunity. Economically as racially, England and the United States are one. But in this one Anglo-Saxon Empire the center of trade is passing toward the West. "Westward the star of empire takes its way," now as it has been doing for centuries, and the march has not yet ended. It is by promoting, not by hindering, this development that America's prosperity is to be secured. "Should an Anglo-Saxon coalition be made and succeed, it would alter profoundly the equilibrium of the world. Exchanges would then move strongly westward; and existing ideas would soon be as obsolete as those of a remote antiquity. Probably human society would then be absolutely dominated by a vast combination of peoples, whose right wing would rest upon the British Isles, whose left would overhang the middle provinces of China, whose center would approach the Pacific, and who would encompass the Indian Ocean as though it were a lake, much as the Romans encompassed the Mediterranean." This sentence might be regarded as Professor Adams's postulate, which he undertakes to illustrate and demonstrate, in a volume that possesses remarkable unity of design for one composed, as it is, of separately published essays.

Dr. Josiah Strong, dealing with the same world-movements, but dealing with them on a high spiritual plane, shows how the needs and the opportunities of America impose on her new obligations. Two sentences on his title-page, one from Lowell, the other from Emerson, indicate his spirit: "New occasions teach new duties;" "America is another word for opportunity." The exhaustion of our arable public lands involves decreasing field for investment at home. Our cheap raw material, our labor energy making high-priced labor really cheaper than the lower-priced labor of the Old World, and our access to the world's markets, point to our manufacturing and commercial supremacy. The new China, awakening into a new life, affords an immeasurable market. Her population of 400,000,000 wants our cotton, our wheat, our iron and steel, our manufactured products; the new Isthmian Canal will connect the Mississippi Valley and all east of it by a great waterway with the Pacific; the Pacific will become a new Mediterranean Sea, of immense proportions and surrounded by immense populations; the contest for its control will lie between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav, as the contest of the past lay between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin; and in this contest the Anglo-Saxon race, with its environing communities, Great Britain, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, and their combined navies, will have enormous advantages, which it holds in trust for the world's welfare.

The three volumes appear to us a weighty and indeed conclusive argument for the conclusion admirably summed up by Dr. Strong in his closing chapter. The period of national isolation is ended for America. We no longer occupy a "detached and distant situation," as when Washington wrote his Farewell Address. His advice that we mind our own business is good for all time; but now our business "is in the ends of the earth." Doubtless there are weighty objections to growing, but "growing old is inevitable, unless, indeed, we die young." We may drift into

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world-politics, without knowing that we are drifting; we may sail out recklessly, inspired by the ambitions and guided by the methods of past imperial powers; or we may be wise enough "frankly to recognize the changed conditions of the world, and intelligently to adapt to them a new world-policy, the aim of which shall be, not national aggrandizement, but the noblest ministry to the new world-life."

The phrase "manifest destiny" has been made to do some unworthy service, and the satire heaped upon it is not wholly undeserved; but that the nations of the earth are ruled by forces which transcend the conscious purpose of the men who think they hold the world's helm and determine the course of events will not be doubted either by the scientific student of history or by him who possesses a Christian faith. He who desires to make a study of these forces, which constitute "destiny," will find in Professor Reinsch's book an admirable statement of the most significant facts, in Professor Brooks's book an admirable exposition of economic laws as indicated by past history and present conditions, and in Dr. Strong's book a lucid interpretation of these facts and laws, and of the divinely appointed duty and destiny of America which they unmistakably indicate.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

American Negro (The): What He Was, What He Is, and What He May Become. By William Hannibal Thomas. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 440 pages.

A strong but morbid book by an author of partially negro origin, who paints in the blackest colors the mental and moral shortcomings of his own race. Further review of this book will be made at a later date.

Anton's Angels. By Anita Trueman. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York. 5×8 in. 131 pages. $1.

Anton, the little boy who gives the book its name, sees every one as an angel, from his baby sister to his artist uncle. How the group of people connected with him work out their latent angel nature is told simply, though sometimes with the questionable taste that results from the use of fiction for the direct teaching of moral lessons.

Atonement in Modern Religious Thought (The): A Theological Symposium. By Fréderic Godet, Adolf Harnack, Auguste Sabatier, Lyman Abbott, Washington Gladden, T. T. Munger, F. W. Farrar, W. H. Fremantle, W. F. Adeney, R. J. Campbell, A. Cave, Marcus Dods, P. T. Forsyth, Silvester Horne, R. F. Horton, John Hunter, and Bernard J. Snell. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¾ in. 376 pages. $1.50.

Among the seventeen writers who have contributed to this volume, all but three, Drs. Abbott, Gladden, and Munger, are Europeans. The list indicates a fair representation of conservative as well as liberal thought. These papers, serially published last year in the "Christian World," London, clearly demonstrate the transition now in progress from untenable theories that have become a hindrance to faith.

Augusta, Empress of Germany. By Clara Tschudi. Translated by E. M. Cope. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 244 pages. $3.

The grandmother of the present Emperor of Germany was inevitably and from her position a figure of importance in the court and political life first of Prussia and then of the German Empire. The present biography was written in Norwegian by an author who has already achieved a considerable degree of popularity by her sketches of Marie Antoinette, the Empress Eugénie, and other famous women. She writes easily, and although she is inclined to insert more minute detail of personal and court life than will be enjoyed by most American readers, she also infuses into her story an element of anecdote and narrative that makes the work essentially readable. A portrait in colors serves as frontispiece.

Calvary's Cross: A Symposium. By D. L. Moody, T. DeWitt Talmage, David J. Burrell, and Others. (The Red Library.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 122 pages. 30c.

A series of short chapters, mostly by various preachers and evangelists, laying emphasis throughout on the necessity and efficiency of the blood of Christ.

Devotional Services of Scripture and Song for Congregational Worship. By William W. McLane. E. B. Sheldon Co., New Haven, Conn. 6½×9½ in. 125 pages.

This is a unique compilation, intended to promote participation by the congregation in public worship. Each of the sixty services, distributed into Scripture, prayer, and song, has reference to some Christian truth or duty. They are of uniform length, some twelve minutes. The Scripture lessons, both those to be read by the minister alone and those for responsive reading, are composed of selections from various parts of the Bible, mainly the New Testament and the Psalms, skillfully woven together. The prayers are brief and excellent. Dr. McLane has prepared the book for use in Plymouth Church, New Haven,

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of which he is pastor. There are many churches in which it might be advantageously used.

Fact of Christ (The): A Series of Lectures. By P. Carnegie Simpson, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 188 pages. $1.25.

These lectures to a pastor's class are distinguished both for intellectual clearness and keenness and for moral cogency. The "Fact" exhibited is that Christ is the personal embodiment of the ideas and principle of Christianity—divine Truth in life and action. What this means is further shown to be that Christ is both our ideal and the motor-power effective for its realization. From the legitimate conclusion that Christ has, as Ritschlians would say, the value of God for the conscience—in other words, his moral divinity—the argument goes on to educe, as a further meaning of the Fact, his metaphysical deity, and, as a final meaning, the jural significance of the Atonement, as enabling God to forgive without compromise of the moral order of the universe. Some liberal-orthodox views on these last two points are criticised with fervor but with suavity as inadequate. Should one not be able to follow the author's logic at every step, he will still derive a moral stimulus and warmth of religious feeling.

Illustrative Answers to Prayer: A Record of Personal Experiences. By H. Clay Trumbull. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 140 pages. 60c.

This is a highly interesting series of short narratives, full of striking personal experiences, which leave the reader to explain them as best he can.

Modern Pen Drawings: European and American. Edited by Charles Holme. Special Winter Number of "The Studio," 1900-1901. The International Studio, New York. 8×12 in. 216 pages. $1.75.

A notably fine and large special number, with scores of interesting and beautiful examples of black-and-white work.

Mother Stories. By Maud Lindsay. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. 5×7½ in. 182 pages. $1.

A group of short stories for very young children, presenting in story form some characteristic thoughts from Froebel's "Mother Play" very simply and charmingly told. The little book, which is illustrated, can hardly fail to be of use to those who have to entertain or instruct young people.

One Hundred Most Helpful Promises and Sayings of Christ. By E. F. Blanchard. Published by the Compiler at East Poultney, Vt. 4×6½ in. 23 pages. Paper bound, 10c.

Poems and Fancies. By Edward Everett Hale. (Library Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 380 pages. $1.50.

This is the tenth and last volume of the admirably printed edition of Dr. Hale's works, upon which we have commented from time to time. The present volume is not the less interesting because it is in a way scrappy. Dr. Hale has gathered up here scores of occasional verses, sonnets, brief newspaper and magazine essays and talks; even to examine all this cursorily gives the reader some idea of what a busy and varied life is that of the author, and how many his special literary and social interests,

Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Manual for 1901 (The). By William T. Ellis. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 3×5¾ in. 108 pages.

Presbyterian Handbook for 1901 (The). The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, Philadelphia. 3×5 in. 77 pages. Paper bound, 5c.

Red Library (The). Mothers of the Bible. By Rev. Charles Leach, D.D. (30c.) **The Revival of a Dead Church.** By L. S. Broughton. (30c.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in.

Simple moral and religious lessons, in plain talk to plain people.

Sign of the Cross in Madagascar (The). By J. J. Kilpin Fletcher. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 309 pages. $1.

The history of Christianity in the nineteenth century contains no chapter at once more tragic and more glorious than the story of Madagascar. Three violent persecutions during the middle third of the century, quite as atrocious as those which the Church in the Roman Empire survived, vainly strove to root out the faith which British missionaries had planted in 1818. The triumph of Christianity in 1868 through the accession of a Christian princess to the throne was again overclouded, and persecution renewed, after Madagascar had been reduced to a French colony in 1895 by a criminal war of conquest; but a brighter day has at length begun to dawn. This is the outline of Mr. Fletcher's narrative. It is one of the most interesting of recent missionary publications.

Thomas Jefferson. By Thomas E. Watson. (The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 3¾×5¾ in. 151 pages. 75c.

The latest addition to the Beacon Biographies, written in a free and somewhat dashing manner by a writer whose freshness and independence are well known. The general traits of Jefferson are well brought to the front, and the book is to be commended by reason of its unconventional freedom and vivacity. It is, however, lacking in judgment and in historical discrimination. The character of Hamilton is almost a caricature; and the interpretation of Washington's attitude in the crisis provoked by Citizen Genet's arrival in this country does not give the slightest intimation of the gravity of the situation or of the extraordinary good sense and judgment of Washington.

Treasury of Canadian Verse. Selected and Edited by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 412 pages. $2.

This anthology of English Canadian verse, selected from the entire field of English history, is a distinct addition to works of its kind, and ought to do much to familiarize American readers with the variety and richness of Canadian song. The list of authors will be surprisingly long to those who have not followed the poetic movement among men and women of Canadian birth. For a number of years past Canada has produced some of the best if not the very best of the younger singers of this continent; their work has been so constantly read in the United States that they have come to be regarded in many instances as Americans. Mr. Carman, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Lampman, and Mr. D. C. Scott are a few among

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the many poets of Canadian birth who have evidenced the possession of the real poetic gift by verse of a high quality. The preparation of this volume and its publication ought to do much to make Americans more thoroughly acquainted with the poetic resources of the New World.

With Christ at Sea. By Frank T. Bullen. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 325 pages. $1.50.

In his "Cruise of the Cachalot" and "Log of a Sea Waif" Mr. Bullen has shown himself to be one of the very best living writers on sea life and sailor life. The present volume is an endeavor to depict the attitude towards religion maintained in the forecastle of the average British sailing-ship. It is realistic, vivid, and picturesque, but it seems to us to lack, even in its somewhat sensational title, the spontaneity and merit of the author's previous work. Its evident sincerity of spirit and earnestness of purpose, however, are entirely commendable.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Give publishers and price of Bradley's "Principles of Logic." 2. What is the price of "Principles of Religious Education," reviewed in the 15th of December issue of The Outlook? 3. Name two or three of the best works on literary criticism, giving price and publishers. 4. Is there a magazine devoted exclusively to literary criticism, construction, etc.? If not, what are the best publications for a student of literature and philosophy? give publishers and subscription. 5. Give publishers of Dr. W. T. Harris's works. What do you think of his philosophy? 6. Which do you think the best periodical or magazine for a Sunday-school teacher?

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. Kegan Paul, London, 16 shillings. 2. $1.25. 3. Trent's "Authority of Criticism" (Scribner's Sons, New York, $1.50); Winchester's "Principles of Criticism" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.50). 4. "Poet Lore" (Boston, $2.50 per annum). 5. D. Appleton & Co., New York, and several others. His philosophy is of the Hegelian school. 6. We have formed no opinion. You might send for a sample to the Pilgrim Press, Chicago.

Please give the names and publishers of the best books on the leading hymns of the ages, which are used in our church services—books which will give an account of the authors of hymns, the circumstances concerning the writing, and other facts which would make the use of the hymns more intelligible.

H. V. R.

Parker's "Psalmody of the Church, its Authors, Singers, and Uses" (Revell Company, New York, $1.50); Hatfield's "Poets of the Church" (Randolph Company, New York, $3); Saunders's "Evenings with Sacred Poets" (Randolph Company, $2.50); Duffield's "English Hymns, their Authors and History" (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, $2.50); Butterworth's "Story of the Hymns" and "Story of the Tunes" (Tract Society, New York, $2 and $1.75); Robinson's "Annotations on Popular Hymns" (Methodist Book Concern, New York, $2.50).

I have to write an essay on "This beats the Dutch." Will you kindly tell me where the phrase originated, something about the incident, and what book or books I may read in reference to it?

E. S.

We do not find the origin of this phrase in any of the books of reference that we have at hand. We may take this opportunity to say that an increasingly large number of questions come to us from friends who, like this correspondent, have essays to write or debates to take part in, and ask for assistance. We cannot undertake to do this in all cases, although we are always glad to give specific information or specific reference to books when it is in our power to do so. If such letters fail to receive answers, it may be assumed that the editors find that to reply to them does not come within the legitimate scope of this department.

I have just finished reading Plato's Apology of Socrates and his Phædo. Have I been reading the philosophy, the thoughts, and the language of Plato or of Socrates? Does Plato *report* Socrates, or does he appropriate him as a mouthpiece for the utterance of his (Plato's) philosophy? A. F. O.

Grote's decision of this question is judicious: "How much in the Platonic Socrates can be safely accepted either as a picture of the man or as a record of his opinions—how much, on the other hand, is to be treated as Platonism; or in what proportions the two are intermingled—is a point not to be decided with certainty or rigor. The Apology of Socrates, the Kriton, and the Phædon—in so far as it is a moral picture, and apart from the doctrines advocated in it—appear to belong to the first category." For the whole passage see his "History of Greece," viii., 403-405, Harper's edition.

1. Can you or any of your readers tell me in which of Plato's works I shall find the "Vision of Er the Armenian"? 2. Please tell me the author and publisher of the best life of General (Chinese) Gordon. 3. Please give the best life and publisher of "St. Francis de Sales." H. W.

1. The Myth of Er is given at the end of Plato's "Republic." 2. See volume 14 in the World's Workers Series (Cassell, New York, 50 cents), Gordon's "Journals at Khartum" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $2), "Gordon in Central Africa" (Scribners, New York, $3). 3. Professor Ornsby's, procurable of Benziger Brothers, New York.

Can you inform me as to whether there is anything recent published in regard to the city and people of Tyre? I wish to get something of the period of Augustus and the first Cæsars. I am especially interested in the way in which the city was built and the manners and customs of the people.

J. M. C.

Probably the book on Phœnicia in the "Story of the Nations" series (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $1.50) will prove adequate. Consult also Smith's "Dictionary of Ancient Geography."

An aged Christian woman wishes to find a hymn beginning, as nearly as she can remember, as follows:

"Must I my brother's keeper be,
And share his pain and toil?
And must I weep with those who weep,
And smile with those who smile?"

Can any reader tell where such a hymn is to be found? A. T. D.

Can any of your readers tell me where I would be likely to find a little poem entitled "Gates Ajar"? While in Boston a few weeks since I heard the poem discussed at a literary gathering by one of the Harvard contingent, who referred to it, among others, as a poem of unusual scholarship. E. R. R.

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Correspondence

Expansion and Growth

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Permit me to express, through your columns, my admiration for the letter of "C. J. W." on "Expansion and Growth," which appeared in your issue of January 12, and to add a few remarks in the same line.

"C. J. W." hints at the difference between true and false expansion. In his recent article in the "North American Review" General Harrison briefly blocks out this distinction by saying that heretofore we have acquired lands, but have of late begun to acquire people. If, as some would hold, wisdom consists in making careful distinctions, we cannot lay too much stress on the difference here noted, between the acquiring of land to cultivate and improve, and the acquiring of human beings to govern and exploit.

We may define civilization as "the greatest happiness to the greatest number;" and material civilization as "the greatest comfort to the greatest number." Earthly comfort, such as enables all to live at least in cleanliness, is not to be despised by those who with reason believe that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and that to make all men comfortable is as great and plain a duty as any given by God and our conscience. This material civilization is furthered by the making of the greatest use of every material opportunity. Indeed, the laws of progress—the laws of God—decide that any such opportunity is of divine right his who can make the best use of it for the comfort of his fellow-men. We can interpret in no other way Jesus' "parable of the talents," and his seemingly unjust decree that "to him that hath shall be given."

Lands are given to nations as opportunities to men—in trust. In last resort, the nation that does not develop its lands will lose them. The fact that the land controlled by the North American Indians was not so cultivated as to support its full quota of population, and that the land inhabited by the Filipinos is cultivated to nearly its full capacity to support a population, is an important difference, and should not be overlooked by those who would justify our present course of commercial exploitation by our former natural expansion. If, in order to furnish hunting for the individuals in a small tribe, a people like the Indians were using the land that should support thousands from overcrowded Europe, they had not the right to their land that the white farmer had who cultivated it. To borrow "C. J. W.'s" apt phrase, "the divine right of hunger" justifies "the wresting of the North American continent from its aboriginal possessors, and its transformation from a vast game preserve into the granary of the world." If Americans could really live and make their homes in the Philippines, and were overcrowded at home, they might be justified in the war on its inhabitants; but since the climate is such that they can and will go there only as fortune-hunters, the war is not justifiable.

To fight to protect the rights of home-seekers is one thing; to fight to "police" the interests of fortune-seekers is another.

Minneapolis, Minn. E. B. M.

Stanford University

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The present situation at Stanford University leads me, very unwillingly, to address a word of warning, through your columns, to the younger instructors and assistants at other American universities. It is probable that during the next few weeks several of them will be invited to take the places of the expelled and resigning Stanford professors. I would urge upon them not to be in too great a hurry to accept the invitation; not to do so until they have taken pains to inform themselves concerning the causes of the present crisis, and feel persuaded in their consciences that they are justified in supporting Mrs. Stanford. I do not wish to prejudge the controversy, and I am ready to grant that there may be "another side." I wish only to point out that the dismissal of the heads of two departments and the resignation of two others, together with the withdrawal of some of the younger men, constitute strong *prima facie* grounds, at present, for suspecting that academic liberty is really in danger. Until this fear

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is removed, the acceptance of a Stanford position is in the highest degree indecorous. It cannot be necessary for me to characterize the action, should it appear that the fear is justified.

It may be said (1) that, by going to teach there, a man does not necessarily take sides, and (2) that it is a pity that the work of the students should be interrupted. But (1) supposing, what is at any rate possible, that Mrs. Stanford has acted tyrannically, it is evident that the best way to educate the Stanford administration to a higher conception of a university is by the refusal of scholars outside to have anything to do with such an institution. And (2) it should be observed that it is Mrs. Stanford who has taken the initiative in interrupting the studies of the place, by the dismissal of Professor Howard in the midst of the college year, and that there are worse things that can happen to American university life than the removal of a few score of students from one Californian institution to another.

I repeat, however, that the evidence is not yet accessible by which we professors at the Eastern universities can judge fairly of the situation at Stanford. My present purpose is simply to advise men who are tempted by offers of appointment to give a thought to the larger aspects of the case, and to be quite sure that they know what they are about.

W. J. Ashley.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Odd Oddities

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The communication entitled "Calendar Oddities" in your issue of January 12 contains some oddities which must be called extremely odd. The poor estimation in which Mr. Leverett holds our civil calendar does not seem to be justified by any considerations which he adduces, nor is the question as to the beginning of the twentieth century in the least obscured. The introduction of algebraical signs may have been prompted by the feeling, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe!" What is plain is this: If the astronomers call the year that preceded the first of our era "0," then the year which they call +1 must begin with the birth of Christ, and the first decade of the Christian era ends with the year +10, the century with the year +100, and the nineteenth century with the year +1900. Therefore the positive astronomical years are ordinals and not cardinals, and exactly correspond with the civil years. If we reckon B.C., however, the case is different, for now "0" must be reckoned in. The first decade B.C. ends with the year −9, the first century with the year −99, and the nineteenth century with −1899. As for the decades, the habit of calling 1870, 1880, 1890, etc., the opening years of new decades reminds one of the well-known story told by President Lincoln, in which he asks how many legs a sheep would have if its tail were a leg, and answers "Four, because calling the tail a leg doesn't make it a leg." The years cited close the decade, though for convenience they may be described differently. I fail to see wherein our present reckoning is in the least awkward, and how any doubt can arise as to the beginning of the century. The commonly acknowledged error of about four years in the date of Christ's birth would of course affect the question, and the present year should in reality read "1905 circum."

W. F. F.

Wilton, N. H.

A New Charity

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In choosing the name "The Settlement Home for Crippled Children" for her little establishment at 247 West Sixty-ninth Street, New York City, Miss May Darrach has borrowed a word from the earnest college graduates who for the last few years have been settling in and redeeming the slums of our great cities. To her, as to them, the word "settlement" has come to mean neighborliness in its deepest sense, and the closest possible relation between helpers and helped. And in her own work she has chosen to befriend the most helpless of the city's poor, the crippled children.

Within the wide limits of all New York City there is no special provision for these little ones. In their own homes they are almost invariably thrust on one side and neglected amid the rush and struggle for daily bread. Too often they are actually ill-treated or abandoned.

They are welcomed to the cliniques of the different hospitals, and they are often cared for in the wards. But hospitals are

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not homes, and the little cripple, whose body is treated with all the skill of our best surgeons, grows weary and vacant of mind through the long, empty days of lying in bed.

On the other hand, the institutions of all denominations that shelter the poor children of New York are not hospitals, and there is no place in them for the cripples who need not only surgery but trained nursing.

Between these two great branches of public charity the little cripple falls to the ground; discharged as incurable from the hospitals, ineligible for the various institutions that would take in his able-bodied brothers and sisters, he has had no refuge hitherto but Randall's Island or licensed beggary.

He is fortunate, indeed, if he can find such a haven as Miss Darrach's Home. There he has just the care that one's own mother would give. And there, too, he has the advantage of daily attendance at the School for Crippled Children in Sixty-third Street, which is run under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society.

The Settlement Home is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and the sympathy and assistance of the public are earnestly solicited. There are no salaried officials connected with this charity, and every dollar subscribed, every article sent in, is put to the direct use of the children.

On Wednesday afternoons the Home is open to friends and strangers, and some member of the Guild of Women, who have its interest at heart, is always present to explain its working. * * *

The Fraud of Colored Oleo

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent "W. B. H.," of Milwaukee, Wis., in the issue of December 29, like many other writers on the same subject, hits wide of the mark when he tries to class the coloring of butter with the coloring of oleomargarine. The public demand is for yellow butter, and butter is colored in any shade desired to meet the demands of the consumers, which vary in different locations. Boston, for instance, demands a lighter-colored butter than New York, while the Southern trade wants a still deeper shade than New York. Boston wants eggs with brown shells, and New York will pay more for white ones. This matter of public taste for different shades of food-products might be mentioned of other classes, such as cheese, dried and fresh fruits, and many other things.

The shading, selection, or coloring of pure food-products is not done with intent to deceive. But the same cannot be said of oleomargarine. This is colored yellow to resemble pure butter, and so that it may be sold as such. It is the intention of the manufacturers of it, and every one concerned in handling it, that it shall be sold ultimately to the consumer as butter, else why all these attempts to make it so closely resemble butter in color, shape and form of package, etc.? Not one consumer in a hundred ever calls for oleomargarine or imitation butter, and all attempts to sell it as such when not colored in imitation of butter have proven failures.

It is impossible, as "W. B. H." intimates, to "take white butter of a grade just above rancid, color it, and load it on the market as 'best dairy,' and even sneak tons of it into the 'creamery' grades." The coloring of butter does not improve its quality or grade in any way. Coloring makes it more attractive to the eye, but does not change the flavor.

EDWIN C. POWELL.

Springfield, Mass.

Indian Industrial Education

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Apropos of the very instructive article in your issue of January 12, entitled "Indian Industrial Development," it might be of interest to the readers of The Outlook to learn something of the industrial lines engaged in by the Indians of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where the aborigines are found in a more natural condition and environment than in this country.

The Micmac tribe (a branch of the Algonquins) of Nova Scotia are ingenious and fairly industrious, and turn out a variety of wares. The men make all kinds of cooperage, such as butter-tubs, churns, fish-barrels, etc.; ax-handles, bows and arrows (if ordered), rough baskets, etc.; but there seems to be no market for the Micmac canoe, as the Indian himself has adopted the white man's boat

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for the dangerous bays, tidal rivers, and rocky coasts of the province. The squaws are perhaps more industrious than the men, and are very deft in making fine baskets from shaved wood splints, in an almost endless variety. Formerly these baskets were dyed from roots and herbs, etc., but unfortunately they now find it more convenient to employ aniline dyes. In recent years they have made, from splints, hats of artistic shape and design, trimmed with simulated feathers and flowers—all from the same material.

They also make beautiful articles from birch-bark, covered either entirely or in part with porcupine quills stained in a variety of tints. The Micmacs are evidently the originators of this class of work, as I have never seen it elsewhere. Quill work, which is both unique and beautiful, comprises miniature canoes, spool-boxes, receptacles for toilet articles and cutlery, etc., and, like the splint work, is capable of an almost unlimited variety and extension.

In former years they did bead work (mostly fancy moccasins and articles of personal adornment), but since the squaws now imitate their white sisters in the matter of dress, bead work is no longer seen. In the Province of New Brunswick, the Milicetes (another branch of the Algonquins) do a lively trade all the year in various lines of marketable products. Throughout the summer the squaws combine, and, engaging a white man as expressman, carry wagon-loads of large, coarse baskets to the city markets regularly once a week. These are used for various purposes, many of them being shipped to St. John for use in packing crockery, etc. A first-class grain basket, tight and strong, is another of their products. Fancy baskets also receive considerable attention, including the sweet-hay variety, the latter having been introduced by a Fredericton lady, who showed them samples done by Maine Indians.

The men are busy during the winter months making moccasins and snow-shoes. They buy raw hides in the city and in a surprisingly short time convert them into soft yellow leather, and return to market with a load of neatly made moccasins cut according to the regulation pattern of the tribe. Owing to the deep snows of the province, the snowshoe trade is also important. The interlacing network of the best kinds is made of moose-hide, and has the clearness of amber. The Indians of New Brunswick, by the way, seem to possess to perfection the valuable secret of preparing leather to suit their special needs.

During the summer season, the New Brunswick Indians make excellent birch canoes and sell them readily, as the Milicete pattern is a favorite with hunters, tourists, sportsmen, and others.

It will thus be seen that the Indian of the Maritime Provinces, within easy reach of the cities, may keep himself constantly employed, for his wares are always salable.

On the whole, the condition of the Indians should be a matter of some self-congratulation on the part of the Canadian Government. They have been under the care first of the French and afterwards of the English, without suffering any sudden change of policy. In fact, the Canadian Indian policy seems to be rather along the negative line of not meddling much with them. The Indians have the freedom of the forests in every sense of the word, with full liberty to cut wood regardless of ownership, and they may roam or encamp where they will. They receive an annual grant of blankets, and are encouraged to engage in gardening and farming by free gifts of seeds, etc.; but agriculture has not been thus far a great success, owing to the roving habits of these primitive people, and the harvests in consequence are liable to be neglected and lost while the owner is away hunting in the forests—for the chances of the chase are preferable to the certain results of a harvest. The Government is doing something in the way of providing schools, with encouraging results, for Indian children are both quick and anxious to learn. Their religious welfare is under the control of the Roman Catholic Church.

In Canada there is really no "Indian problem," as it is understood in this country, for the Indian is happy, peaceful, and contented, pursuing the even tenor of his way, each generation showing a slight advance over the preceding one under the gradual influence of trade and education. Canada may well be congrat-

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ulated upon the results of a policy which secured and retained the good will and confidence of all the aboriginal tribes; and this country might learn some valuable lessons from her in the care and treatment of its Indian wards.

G. C. CREELMAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Two Views of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

In an address delivered lately before a club at Newton, Mass., Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith made the following remarks about Southern life in general and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in particular:

I left the South when twenty years old, but not before I had seen something of the life in Virginia. It is true that when an estate was broken up the slaves were often bought by neighbors, but with a view of keeping them together near the old place. When a vicious slave was met with, he was often sent to the rice-fields of South Carolina for the purpose of preventing him corrupting the others. There was no other way to dispose of him. This book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is the most vicious book that ever appeared. . . . The book precipitated the war, and made the North believe nothing but the very worst of the South. We are not an inhuman people; we are all alike; we are Americans. It was an outrage to rouse the North against the South. The book was an appalling, an awful and criminal mistake.

This promptly called out the following reply from Colonel Henry Watterson, of the Louisville (Ky.) "Courier-Journal," in the form of an interview with a reporter of the New York "Tribune:"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" did undoubtedly make a great impression upon the susceptibilities of the people of the United States—and nowhere more than in the Southern States—who instantly recognized its fidelity to truth. But to say that it cut any figure in the final crisis is wholly a misconception. Nothing could have delayed the ultimate trial of arms more than four years. If Judge Douglas had been elected President in 1860, the war between the sections would have been postponed from 1861 to 1865. Mrs. Stowe's novel was merely a spoke in an inexorable wheel, which, for the time being, represented perpetual motion. But so far from being a cruel attack upon the people of the South, it was a most kindly representation. Mrs. Stowe begins with the sunny side of slavery in Kentucky, and indicates its possibilities by traversing the career of Uncle Tom to a Louisiana plantation. But you will observe that the villain of the book, Legree, is a Yankee; and that leads me to say—what, indeed, Abraham Lincoln preceded me in saying—that the Yankees brought the nigger to America in their ships, and sold him to the Southerners. I think it extremely unkind that, having got their money, they came down South in 1861 and annihilated property of their own creation. But that is neither here nor there. All the gentlemen of the South in the days of Washington and Jefferson were opposed to slavery. It was a wholly monstrous and indefensible institution. Even in 1861 the good men and women of the South were at heart opposed to the whole system. With a gray jacket on my back for four years, I was an outspoken sentimental free-soiler.

I know it to be a fact that England and France would have intervened in our war on the Southern side if slavery could have been put into the shape of gradual emancipation. Nobody, not even Mr. Davis, could give any assurance on this point to the French and British Governments. God be praised, because to that circumstance we owe our solidarity as a Nation to-day. But to come back to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is one of the great books of the world. I am willing to bet the author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" a cigar that he never read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and leave the decision of the bet to him. It is this dreadful sensitivity of provincialism, this astounding ignorance of the world at large, that has kept the South in leading-strings for a hundred years. The leaders of the South, not to mention a certain George Washington, but particularly to mention one Thomas Jefferson, knew slavery to be abhorrent to manhood, womanhood, and all the graces of human life. The South is well rid of it. Mr. Smith is wholly mistaken in supposing that the negro is worse off in freedom than in slavery. Booker Washington, a great and noble man, one of the greatest men living to-day in America, considering practical affairs as the test of greatness, is doing an amazing work, and if the true and good men of the North having money to spend on philanthropy would contribute a little attention and some money to the development of his scheme at Tuskegee, Ala., it would pay richly on the investment. In short and in fine, while I am not surprised at Mr. Hopkinson Smith's verdict about a book of which he cannot know a great deal—even if he has read it—he falls into the prevailing error of the educated Southerner in supposing that attacks upon the institution of African slavery are attacks upon the people of the South. The South is open to great impressions. The Nicaraguan Canal will revolutionize all conditions in Texas and the Gulf States. It will convert the Gulf of Mexico into the Mediterranean of the Western Hemisphere. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is a great painter, I am afraid I must say a great romanticist. Though "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" shocked my sensibilities as a Southern man, and particularly as a Virginia product, very much more than did Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," literary criticism avaunt! There never was yet a literary man who was not a hopeless politician. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a great book, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was a great woman,

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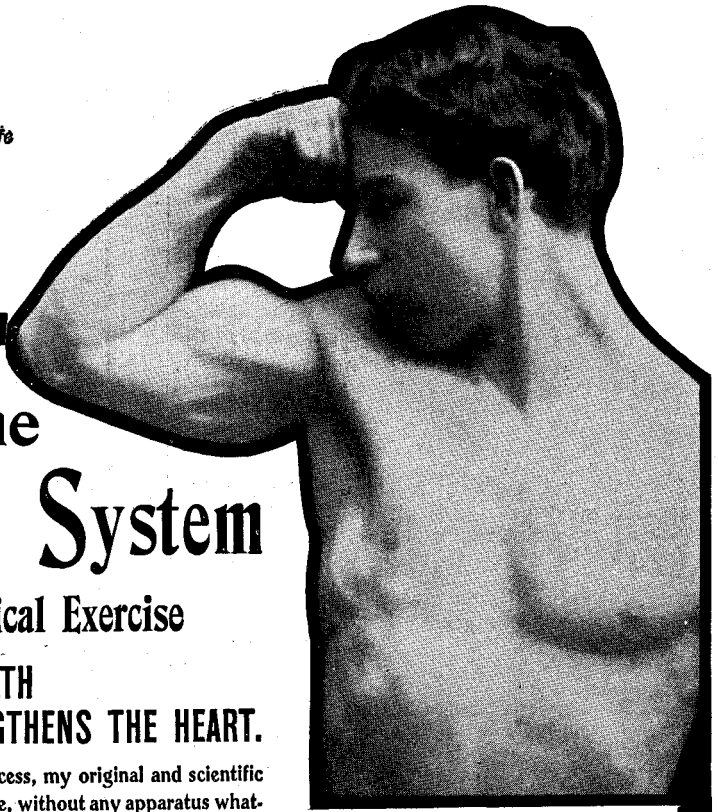

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My Dear Mr. Swoboda:—As I have had numerous requests by mail from different sections of the country to give my ideas of your system of physiological exercise, I will write you this letter which if you see fit, you can have published, and which will prove I hope, an answer to all these inquiries as I am a pretty busy man.

On February 15, 1898, after years of gradual but certain decline, physically and mentally, I had a complete nervous prostration or collapse. It was impossible for me to sleep without medicine and I went without natural sleep for the period of about ten months. I tried the best physicians to be had, traveled almost constantly, being unable to remain long in one place, took hunting trips in Colorado and a seacoast trip to Northern Maine with no appreciable result. I had been constipated for sixteen or seventeen years and had to take physic constantly, never having a natural action.

I was advised by Mr Seested, business manager of the Kansas City Star, to call on you with my physician, you will remember, I called and spent two hours with you and he advised me to take the treatment, as it could do me no harm and might do me a great deal of good. That was on October 24, 1898. At that time I felt sure I was going to lose my mind. I could not sleep without medicine, was completely unfitted for business or for anything else, and there was scarcely a function of my body that would work satisfactorily. Within thirty days after beginning your exercise treatment, my constipation had gone, and I have never taken a physic since; within sixty days I was attending to considerable business and within ninety days I was at my desk, and have grown stronger ever since, until to-day, I weigh more than I ever did in my life, with not a pound nor an ounce of surplus flesh.

I am in better health than I have ever been in my life. Constipation gone, nervous dyspepsia gone, the nervous prostration feeling entirely eradicated, and my ability to sleep is equal to that of any period in my life.

Trusting this letter may be instrumental in causing other sufferers to take hold of your natural, rational line of treatment and follow it to the same splendid result that the writer did, I beg to remain,

Yours with sincerest gratitude, J. LOGAN JONES.

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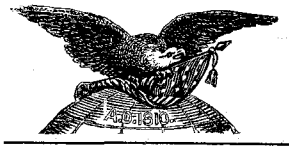
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